The Outlook

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"The Same Smith"

UPON Frank L. Smith, of Illinois, Senator-elect for a full term and Senator-designate for the filling out of an unexpired term, rests the responsibility of deciding whether or not the question of his right to a seat because of excessive expenditures in the primary shall be precipitated upon the Senate at this short session. Governor Small has offered him appointment to the position made vacant by the death of Senator McKinley. As this issue of The Outlook goes to press Colonel Smith has neither accepted nor declined to accept the appointment. The opinion has been prevalent in Washington that he will do neither the one nor the other, but will permit the place to remain vacant until the end of this Congress. If he does so, Illinois will be deprived of half the representation to which it is entitled in the Senate, but, from the standpoint of Governor Small and Colonel Smith, something will be gained. By offering Colonel Smith the appointment Governor Small has recorded his belief in the legality and regularity of Smith's nomination and election. And this may constitute some fortification of Colonel Smith's position when he comes to make the fight for a seat in the Congress to which he was elected.

If Colonel Smith should accept the appointment, he will be resisted at the door of the Senate quite as vigorously as if he had waited until the opening of the Seventieth Congress. This became apparent, even before the appointment was made, when Republican Senators urged Smith not to come to Washington with an appointment. As soon as the appointment was offered Smith, the Reed Committee rushed into the Senate a specially prepared preliminary report on expenditures in Smith's behalf and preparations were made generally for the fight to declare him disqualified. The view that the taint which may attach to his election does not attach to his appointment did not gain favor among Senators. The feeling was expressed in the laconic statement that "he would be the same Smith both times." This reasoning may be unsound, but its unsoundness would not prevent consumption of much of the Senate's time in urging it. If Smith should present his credentials at this session, business would be delayed and an extra session might become necessary.

Admitting Alien Wives and Children

THE amendment to admit, regardless of quota restrictions, 35,000 wives and children of aliens who came to the United States before July 1, 1926, and who have applied for naturalization, was looked upon by the thirty-seven Senators who voted against it as "the opening wedge in the break-down of the Restrictive Immigration Act." By the thirty-nine who voted for it, thereby sending the amendment to the House of Representatives for action, it was considered a humane and practicable remedy for an unfortunate result of immigration restriction.

The amendment's wise specification of the families of immigrants who came before the present Immigration Law became effective justifies its passage. The immigrants affected entered the United States with the legitimate expectation that their families could follow them. Immigrants since the passage of the law, on the contrary, were able to know that they might not be able to send for their families. It is proper to alleviate the unhappy separations of the first class of immigrants. The separations of the later immigrants are on their own responsibility; and humanitarian considerations must give way to those of policy.

The Menace to the Federal Reserve System

SOMETHING less than a year ago The Outlook published an article which discussed the question, "Is the Federal Reserve System in Danger?" The article was evoked by the present unprecedented spread of branch banking throughout the country. Under existing Federal banking laws, branch banking—that is, branches outside the city of the original bank—can be undertaken only by State banks; and for several years the competition of the State banks, with their branches, has gone very hardly with the National banks, confined as they are to their chosen headquarters cities. The article related that, as a result of this competition, many National banks throughout the country were surrendering their National charters and enrolling themselves as State banks, with the consequence that the Federal Reserve System, the foundation of which is the National banks, was being steadily undermined.

It is, of course, to remedy this state of things that the McFadden Banking Bill was introduced, having been designed to accord to National banks the same privileges in branch banking as are at present enjoyed by the State banks. The McFadden Bill has received the approval of both houses of Congress; but the difference between the Senate and the House over the so-called Hull Amendment, which would restrict the branches of National banks hereafter in States which do not permit branch banks, has so far prevented the measure from becoming law.

So serious has the situation become, developing along the lines indicated in The Outlook's article, that the Comptroller of the Currency has made an urgent appeal in his report to Congress for prompt enactment of the McFadden Bill. The Comptroller declares that there is "a steady decline in the relative strength of the National banking system," and insists that some such measure as the McFadden Bill is requisite as a means of "resuscitation." During the year ending October 1 no fewer than 87 National banks left the National system and took out State charters, carrying with them an aggregate of $560,000,000 in resources. Only 29 State banks, with resources of $235,000,000, obtained National charters in the same period.

Such a state of affairs certainly needs to be remedied. This point will be generally conceded, quite apart from any differences that may exist as to the efficacy of the McFadden Bill in this direc-

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tion or as to the soundness or the unsoundness of the Hull Amendment.

A Victory for Arbitration

THE involution and complex diplomacy of the various garment-makers' strikes in New York City are as hard to follow as the doings and talkings of the League of Nations. The strike that has just been settled by an arbitration board consisting of three members of Governor Smith's advisory commission for reorganizing the garment trade called out some 20,000 or more workers employed in several hundreds of contractors' shops. They belonged to the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, and their quarrel was with the American Association of Cloak and Suit Manufacturers. Previously a settlement had been obtained as regards some 15,000 workers of the New York Cloakmakers' Union and their employers. The outlook for general peace accordingly is now better than it has seemed for many months.

The conditions in this general industry are complex because not only workers and manufacturers but also contractors and sub-contractors not belonging to the employers' associations are concerned. The present settlement is said to meet all reasonable demands of the employees which related chiefly to methods of employment, discharge, seasonal conditions, and contractual relations, although it also includes a moderate reduction as to hours of labor and a minimum wage provision. The agreement reads like an international protocol.

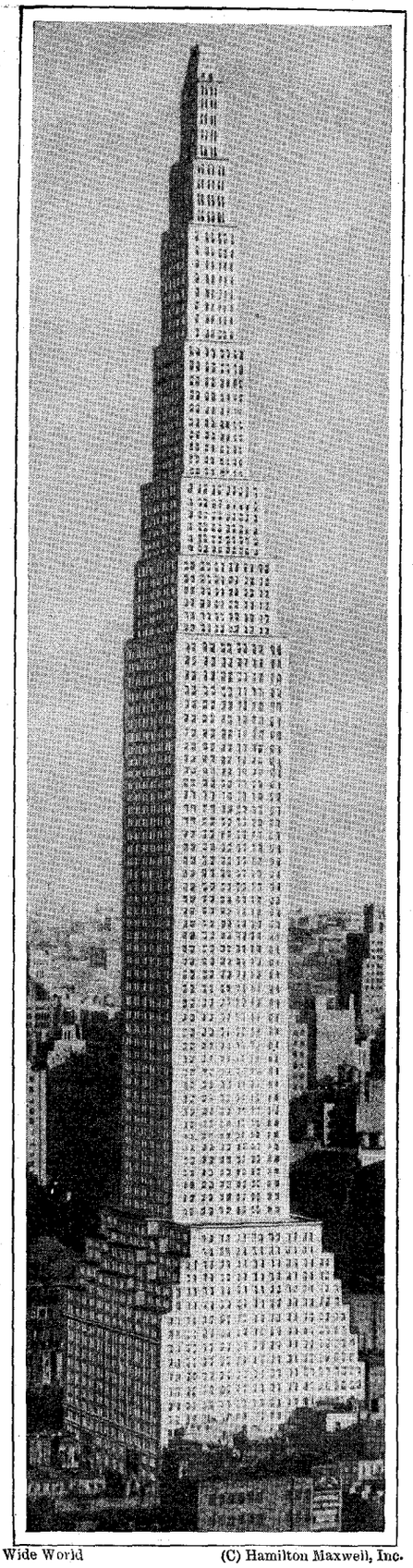
The moderate members of the union regard the settlement as a triumph over the "Communists," for better terms are now secured than the radicals had been able to obtain in the previous settlement made for the 15,000 employees as stated above. Diplomacy is better than war even in the garment trade.

Prisons and Parole: A New York Report

ANOTHER enlightening document was added to the growing body of disinterested findings on the National problem of prisons and parole by the recent publication of a report to Governor Smith on the New York situation, made by George W. Alger, whom he had appointed as a Special Commissioner. Mr. Alger is a well-known attorney who has drafted various New York State labor laws.

The Special Commissioner's investigation found, for New York State, that the purpose of the parole law as an intermediary stage to complete freedom for prisoners and its potential value as an incentive to reform are largely lost because of improper administration. The basis for parole in New York has become practically the mere failure to violate prison laws, rather than the more difficult standard of reasonable probability that the applicant for parole will remain at liberty without violating the law. But "it is wholly unfair to conclude from the results that parole has been tried and found wanting." Commissioner Alger believes that the parole system should be given a continued trial in New York State under three full-time commissioners, entirely alert to their function, rather than under the present part-time board, and with the paroled prisoners supervised by an adequate force of parole officers.

For prison reform the Special Commissioner recommended principally a stronger central control over the four State prisons and the State reformatory, and a reclassification, by prisons, to keep boys and young men from being confined with hardened criminals.



Wide World (C) Hamilton Maxwell, Inc.

A proposed addition to the New York skyline—it looks more like an engineering feat than an architectural triumph

Babel Outdone

IT is announced that a building 1,208 feet high may be constructed on Forty-second Street, New York, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, to accommodate 110 stories.

This is a nearer approach to heaven than the celebrated edifice at Babylon made. If built, it will be 416 feet higher than the Woolworth Building and will contain 50 more floors. It will be 224 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower, which is now the tallest structure in the world.

The need of so tall a structure does not exist, but as an example of human endeavor it is awesome to contemplate. Man will not restrain his energies. An obstacle is something to overcome, and overcome it he will, mainly because it is an obstacle. If he could, he would probably throw the earth out of its periphery just to see what would happen.

Hurricane Theory and Hurricane Fact

ALTHOUGH engineers have been building steel-frame buildings of the sky-scraper type for several decades, the first hurricane "destructive test" of such a structure occurred at the recent Miami disaster. Previous to that, though individual steel columns, I-beams, and girders had been tested to destruction

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thousands of times, there had been no tests on a whole building constructed of such parts. Pure theory, eked out by empirical indications, has therefore had to serve as the basis for their design. The accidents that befell two Miami office buildings, respectively of fifteen and seventeen stories' height, point out pretty plainly that some of these theories of design have been exploded by mere facts.

As a result it is thought likely that building codes will be changed. According to the "Engineering News-Record," which sent Mr. F. E. Schmitt, its associate editor, to Miami to render an expert engineer's report on the effects of the hurricane from a technical point of view, "the Florida storm experience with tall buildings represents a mechanical analysis of buildings under lateral stress of such a character as to suggest the opportunity for thoroughgoing revision of building design methods."

It is possible to calculate beforehand the stresses to which a great steel building is likely to be subjected, yet engineers know that such calculations are based on rather ideal or theoretical conditions. When things actually happen, the exact train of events previously assumed does not often take place. For example, in the case of another comparable metallic structure, the dirigible airship Shenandoah, it would appear that winds struck the ship unevenly throughout its length, and thus brought enhanced stresses to bear on one part. Similarly, in the recent cases at Miami violent puffs or blasts with a force approaching sixty-five pounds pressure on each square foot of wall tore out parts of the masonry on which the integrity of the steel framework partly depended. Because of the force of the wind on the building the steel columns actually bent. Thus, somewhat like Napoleon, the wind found a strategy to cope with a theoretically stronger opponent: it divided it into parts and defeated each part in succession.

Such tests, made by nature, are of incalculable value. Of course, the suspicion that they throw on existing buildings is not as serious as would be the case had engineers not long known the extent to which they are compelled to rely on theory and allowed what they call a "factor of safety"—that is, empirically made their buildings two to four times as strong as theory called for. It is, however, "an ill wind that blows nobody good;" and the Miami hurricane did what engineering laboratories are not yet equipped to do—it put whole buildings into a testing machine and gave them what the engineer calls a "destructive test."

Radio Television

For some months scientists have known that Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, consulting engineer of the General Electric Company and the Radio Corporation of America, was at work on a "television" projector—an apparatus for seeing at a distance through the medium of electricity. Recently he announced publicly that he had accomplished this purpose. It is now possible to see objects in motion by radio better than has ever been done before.

In its essence, his method is to divide into a mosaic of parts the image to be transmitted, and to transmit this mosaic with such rapid repetition that it fools the eye, taking advantage of the physiological phenomenon of "persistence of vision" that enables us in motion pictures to blend into continuous action the sixteen separate pictures a second of the film. A visual picture of continuous action results from the projection of a sufficiently rapid series of still pictures. Therefore, if we find a practical way to transmit the type of pictures that have been sent for a year or two by wire and wireless—that is, pictures broken up into some kind of mosaic—and to speed up this transmission until we attain sixteen pictures a second, we accomplish the television of moving objects.

How Dr. Alexanderson has done this is, briefly, first to divide the image vertically into 100 strips; then to subdivide each strip into 100 parts by means of a rapidly revolving drum carrying a large number of mirrors around its periphery, each mirror receiving a flash of light from the object. In actual practice each light beam is multiple; but this is only one of the several respects in which the new television process is an improvement on some previous methods. The next problem is to convert this mosaic of varying spots of light into radio waves. The photoelectric cell does this. It contains a metal which gives off electrons—electricity—when light falls on it. Thus the electric current is made to fluctuate in step with the many rapidly moving flashes of varying light in each vertical zone. At the distant receiving end these processes are reversed—the amplified incoming radio current controls artificial sources of light, duplicating on a screen the original image.

For years these basic principles have been known, but the main difficulty has been to obtain the desired pictorial detail with the required speed. This Dr. Alexanderson has now accomplished. Some day the interesting chap who describes football games over the radio may find that the televisor has stolen his job.

Our Settlement With Germany

More than eight years after the Armistice, we are at last arriving at an arrangement with Germany for the payment of private war damages. The Alien Property Bill, by which claims of American and German citizens against the two Governments are adjusted, has been passed by the House of Representatives and sent to the Senate. It is not an ideal measure. No measure would be likely to be, in the circumstances. But it does offer a compromise acceptable to both parties, reached by a mixed claims commission without modifying any of the National claims of the United States.

Under the terms of the bill, four-fifths of the German property held by the Alien Property Custodian will be returned to the owners immediately, while the remaining fifth will be held as security until all claims of Americans against Germany are satisfied. Provision is made as to the conditions for mutual liquidation of American and German claims. The measure involves the disposition of some $270,000,000 worth of German property seized upon the American declaration of war—including ship and radio patent rights—and the payment of extensive American claims, including 391 death and personal-injury claims.

The opposition to the bill in the House of Representatives, principally Democratic, has been based largely on the contention that it is confiscatory, because not all of the German property is to be returned at once. The bill which the Administration sponsors, however, does not confiscate. It defers restitution, it is true; but it promises restitution when our claims have been settled.

If the measure were blocked, German owners would remain deprived of all their property for an indefinite period

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until a new agreement could be negotiated. Four-fifths of a loaf certainly is better than no bread. In the interest of equity without further delay, it is to be hoped that the Senate will pass the bill speedily and allow the President to make it law.

Germany Changing Cabinets Again

GERMANY is facing a test whether the reactionary militarists of the Nationalist Party or the moderate Socialists are to control the balance of power. The Reichstag has forced the "Little Coalition" Cabinet of Chancellor Marx out of office. During the New Year holidays there will be a feverish canvass of the political situation. Out of it should emerge a Cabinet which will show which way Germany is really headed.

The Marx Cabinet has been in the difficult position of a minority coalition, commanding only about 170 out of the 425 votes in the Reichstag. With the Opposition majority divided between the Nationalists and industrialists, on the one hand, and the Socialists and Communists, on the other, it has maintained existence by keeping both sides as contented as it could. The overthrow of the Cabinet was caused by Philip Scheidemann, the Socialist leader. He accused the Government of failing to mold the army into an instrument for the protection of the Republic. He also charged that the Defense Minister, Dr. Gessler, was pursuing secret policies in agreement with a monarchist army clique to build up a huge illegal reserve force. The Nationalists shouted "Traitor!" and "Blackguard!" at Scheidemann, but joined with the Socialists in a vote of no confidence in the Cabinet.

The Reichstag then adjourned for a month. President Hindenburg called the preceding Chancellor, Dr. Luther, back from Spain to Berlin for a conference. He is a non-partisan leader, in sympathy with the point of view and the policies which have been advanced by Chancellor Marx and Foreign Minister Stresemann. If Dr. Luther should become Chancellor again, Stresemann undoubtedly would continue to hold the post in the Foreign Office which he had in the former Luther Cabinet. But the main point is that now Germany must have a Cabinet which can count on the support of a majority in the Reichstag. That means choosing between the Nationalists and the Socialists. And that, in turn, means a decision between the road back to monarchy and the road ahead for the Republic.

Japan Opens Her Land to Alien Owners

THE soil of Japan traditionally has been reserved for the Japanese. Foreigners could lease land, even in perpetuity, in regions not designated as of military or strategic importance. But they could not acquire title to ownership. By a new Imperial decree, making effective legislation passed by the Diet in the spring of 1925, the Japanese Government has now extended the right of ownership to aliens, except within the forbidden areas including territory around fortified areas and naval bases and the islands of Formosa, Hokkaido, and Sakhalin.

From the point of view of the United States, the significance of this decision is in its bearing upon the rights claimed for Japanese abroad. In the Pacific Coast States, for instance, Japan has been condemned for demanding the same landownership rights for her subjects as other foreigners enjoyed, while denying landownership to foreigners in her own territory. The basis for this argument has now been destroyed.

Japan's step may be the first on the way to a revival of negotiations for settlement of the long-vexed question of the landownership rights of Japanese in the United States. The Administration at Washington cannot interfere in the legislation of individual States. It cannot insist, for example, that the land laws of California be altered. But the Japanese action does open the opportunity for a reciprocal treaty, defining the landownership and leasing rights of Japanese in the United States and of Americans in Japan. The Japanese law left to the Government the option of bringing into force an Imperial rescript by which American citizens of States where Japanese subjects are prevented from owning land would be deprived of such rights in Japan. So far this has not been done. If the situation in the United States remains unmodified, there could be no objection to it under a new diplomatic agreement.

L'Enfant's Dream

IF the spirits of departed human beings retain their interest for more than a hundred years in earthly things, that of L'Enfant probably is looking eagerly toward Washington these days. For there is good ground for hope that the dream of a magnificent capital city which he dreamed so long ago in the wilderness along the Potomac will be realized within this generation.

Congress not long ago appropriated $50,000,000, to be made available in five annual installments, for the erection of needed public buildings in Washington. Now Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, in his annual report, has said that, not only must Washington be made the equal in beauty of any city on earth, but that, for reasons of economy, the necessary land must be bought now even though buildings are not to be erected upon it for years to come. He urges that the Government immediately acquire all of the land stretching from the Capitol grounds to Fifteenth Street, with Pennsylvania Avenue as its northern and the Mall as its southern boundary. Senator Smoot and Representative Underhill have introduced bills to authorize such purchases and to make an additional sum of $25,000,000 available for the purpose. The Smoot bill has passed the Senate.

Those not acquainted with the mixed squalor and beauty of certain parts of Washington cannot understand what the acquisition of this great triangle would mean toward making the capital city of the United States what it ought to be, because they cannot know how, in its present state, this triangle detracts from the beauty of buildings already constructed and open spaces already parked and planted.

The Mall is a great open space—designed to be open and actually almost so—stretching from the Capitol to the Potomac River. Pennsylvania Avenue is the principal thoroughfare, running from the Capitol to the White House. Between them lies this triangle. In it are a few fine buildings—the District Building, the Post Office Department Building, the Southern Railway building. In it are the market houses and stalls and curb spaces for hucksters' wagons. In it are almost innumerable disheveled houses. Once, when cities were less careful than now of their outward appearance of morality, some of these houses were the abodes of painted women who sold their charms, and, though the women are long since gone, the old houses have something the look of old courtezans, wrinkled and bent, their paint faded and their finery thread-

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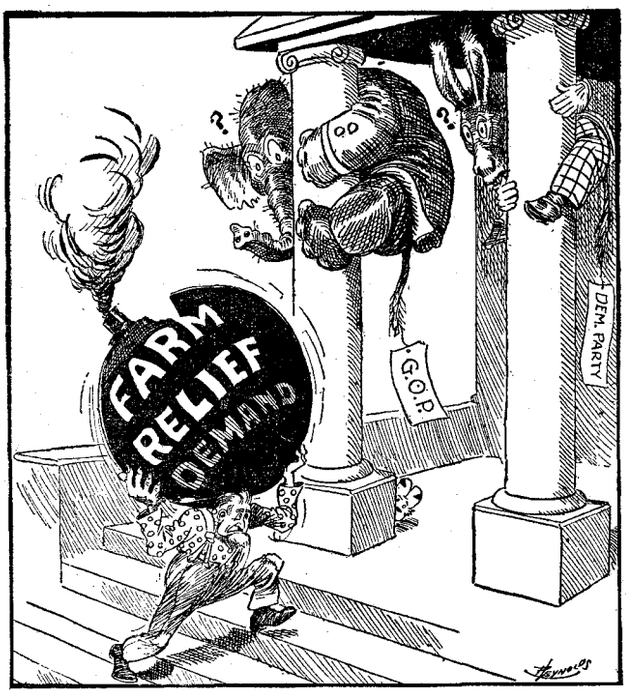
Pack'd and lock'd up

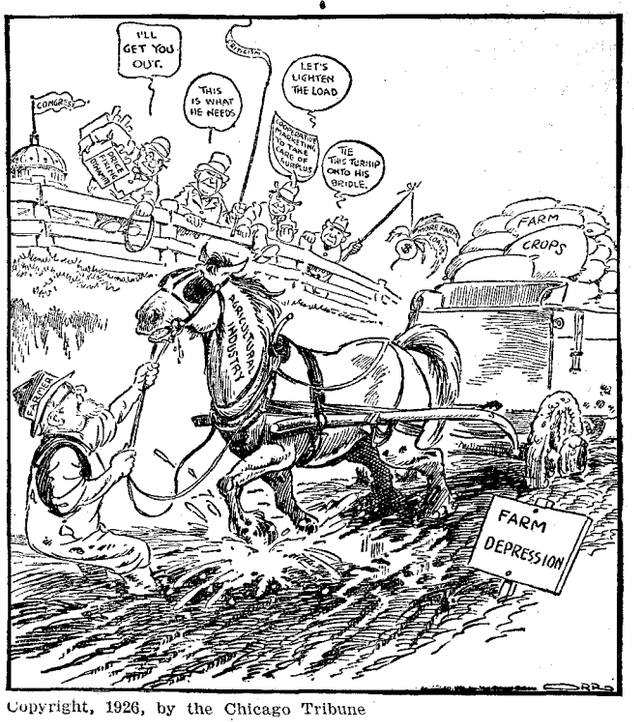
(Winter's Tale, Act IV, Scene 3)

Reynolds in the Portland Morning Oregonian



Maybe it's loaded this time

Orr in the Chicago Tribune



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Helping the farmer out

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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Our rich uncle and his poverty stricken son

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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His armor

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bare. There are a lumber yard or two, a machine shop, many cheap rooms up rickety stairs. A few cellars are filled with green bananas, put away in the dark to ripen. Some cellars have been filled, or partially so, with juices of fruits and grains, fermented or distilled. Bootlegger raids have been not infrequent in the triangle. Here and there are some business houses of good appearance.

Through this triangle all persons must pass who would go from the main part of the city—from the Capitol, the White House, all of the executive departments but one—to the buildings in the Mall, including the Smithsonian Institution, the New National Museum, the old Museum, the Department of Agriculture, the Washington Monument, and the Lincoln Memorial.

Washington, no matter how beautiful it may be in spots, can never be really a beautiful city until the triangle is cleared out. It would be economy of the real kind to buy the land and clear it now, even if no buildings ever were to be erected upon it.

To Make the Dream Come True

THE Government already owns a considerable part of the land within the triangle. That occupied by the markets is so owned, and the markets are conducted under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture. A long block at the Fifteenth Street end of the wedge was recently acquired. The point of the wedge, resting against the Capitol grounds, has long been occupied by the Botanical Gardens. Some smaller plots the Government owns.

The plan for an adequate building program in Washington calls for keeping the Mall clear of everything except museums and monumental structures and the Department of Agriculture. The last named is there and must stay. It first went there when the Mall was a waste, cut up with sloughs and swamps, infested with footpads and worse. The Department of Agriculture redeemed the Mall by converting it into a sort of experimental farm. That was nearly three-quarters of a century ago. Magnificent experimental farms have since been acquired outside the city, but the offices of the Department of Agriculture have stayed on in the Mall, and now they are housed, some of them, in the completed parts of one of the best-designed of all the Government-owned buildings. This building will be completed as the home of the Department of Agriculture.

Buildings for the other executive departments, it is planned, will be grouped at the broad end of the triangle, along Fifteenth Street facing the Ellipse, along B Street facing the Mall, possibly along a block of Pennsylvania Avenue near the Treasury. Public buildings other than those of the executive departments will, it is planned, face the grounds of the Capitol. A part of the triangle will be added to the Mall and some devoted to the making of smaller open spaces. The north side of Pennsylvania Avenue will be left in private hands, but the hope is held that, with better surroundings near the Capitol end, the souvenir shops and cheap hotels will give place to business buildings of good appearance.

If the plan goes through, even to the extent of the acquisition and clearing of the land, the Nation may begin to regard the National city as worthy of a great nation. If the plan goes through to the extent of erection of the buildings, the Government will save enough in rents in one generation, about, to meet the costs.

If we have said here some things about Washington that are not ordinarily said, it does not mean that we think less highly of Washington than other persons do. Washington, as it stands, is perhaps the most delightful city in the United States in which to live or to visit. But it might be better. And we remember that the Washington Monument probably would not have been completed when it was if Mark Twain had not made rather bitter fun of it.

Save Great Falls

REPRESENTATIVE ZIHLMAN, Chairman of the House District Committee, hopes to secure enactment of legislation at this session of Congress under which the Government will spend $45,000,000 in the development of water power at the Great Falls of the Potomac under a hard and fast guaranty of private operation before the bill is passed.

Senator Norris, the outstanding Congressional champion of Government development and operation of water-power projects, hopes to secure enactment of a bill similar in subject, but differing in that it would provide not only for perpetual ownership by the Government but perpetual operation by the Government.

As between the two propositions, that of Representative Zihlman is to be favored, but The Outlook, in common with many Americans, will cherish the hope that both Zihlman and Norris will be disappointed.

The time has not come for the development of the water power at Great Falls. These falls are barely outside of the District of Columbia, but in a wild, unproductive section of country. For wild and rugged beauty no waterfall in the eastern part of the United States, and perhaps none on the American continent, surpasses them. The water does not fall over a sheer precipice, as at Niagara, but tumbles in tumult over a series of steep rapids, with rough rocks jutting out among the myriad cataracts in a dark gorge. The Great Falls wilderness is the finest bit of unspoiled nature left anywhere so near a large city.

Washington, for the moment, is obsessed with the desire to become a manufacturing center. The fulfillment of its wish would be the worst thing that could happen to it. But, even if the National capital is to be thus marred, Great Falls need not be marred with it. Enough power for all prospective needs of the region could be developed at much less cost below Great Falls—at Little Falls and Stubblefield Falls.

A Correction

ATTENTION has been called to two statements, alleged to be inaccurate, in Dixon Merritt's article, "Klan and Anti-Klan in Indiana," published in The Outlook of December 8. One of these statements has to do with the registration and vote figures, the other with the crime of which D. C. Stephenson was convicted.

The statement with regard to the number of voters registered and the number who cast ballots in the November election is ambiguous, but it is not inaccurate. The figures given are accurate for Marion County, which was referred to throughout the article, but not in this particular paragraph, as illustrative of the State. Even so, more imagination was required on the part of the reader to apply those figures to the State, which has a million or more vot-

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Great Falls, where the placid Potomac is lashed into fury

ers, than would have been required to make the proper application of them.

The other statement does contain an error. The young woman for whose murder Stephenson was convicted was not taken by Stephenson to his yacht. While the location of the crime has little bearing on what the article was intended to show, both The Outlook and Mr. Merritt sincerely regret this inadvertence.

English Usage

Two weeks ago we cited Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, editor of the Standard Dictionary, as authority for the practice of always using a plural verb with two or more subjects connected by "and," expressed or implied. At the same time we cited the King James Version of the Bible, the greatest of English classics, in defense of the practice of sometimes using under those circumstances a verb in the singular. We have been most unworthily rewarded in consequence with the following letter from Dr. Vizetelly:

> If you will be kind enough to turn to Genesis xxii. 5, you will find there another rendering that may interest you,—"Abide ye here with the ass." I take this from the King James Version, and deduct therefrom that the translators knew how to use a verb in the plural with a plural pronoun.
>
> Far be it from me to challenge your right to write as you please, and to cite the King James Version of the Bible to support your point of view. I trust, however, that you will be willing to concede that that splendid monument of Jacobean English is full of solecisms. To the one example of "abideth" as a verb in the singular with plural nominatives that you cite from I Corinthians, I can quote you fifteen or sixteen examples where the verb is used correctly with a nominative in the singular.
>
> When I worked on The Outlook, years ago when Dr. Lyman Abbott, Hamilton Mabie, Townsend, and others were living, no one on its staff ever wrote "is" for "are" or "are" for "is;" nor did any one believe "I done it," "Him have went," "I seen it," or "It's me" good English. The Outlook is surely as great a power for good to-day as it was in Lyman Abbott's time, or in the days when Theodore Roosevelt wrote for it. Therefore, I am quite certain that, notwithstanding your editorial, you aline with that which is best in English.

In response to Dr. Vizetelly, besides assuring him that Mr. Townsend is very much alive, all that we can do is to confess that we had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the English classics than to dwell in the tents of the grammarians.

The Yellowstone Grab

A Letter to Our Readers

LETTERS we have received clearly indicate that a great many of you want to know what you can do to save the Yellowstone National Park from commercial invasion.

One of you, sister of General Chittenden, the engineer who planned and built most of the roads in Yellowstone Park, writes from Seattle, Washington: "If there is anything that I can do, command me."

Another writes from Independence, Iowa: "Please tell us how to go about trying to help in this matter."

Another has written from California: "Please let us know in what way we can help."

We quote at random from the letters

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you have sent us that you may clearly understand why we are writing this letter to you.

If you do not realize that the National Parks are your property, if you are not interested in protecting your property against depredation, if you are content to see special interests encroach upon National interests, if you are indifferent to the preservation of natural beauty, then this letter is not meant for you. As Mr. Ulm makes clear in his article in this issue, those who wield a power greater than that of the ballot are those who are in earnest. And what this letter is written for is to tell you how you can wield that power for the sake of saving the Yellowstone National Park and averting a danger that threatens our whole National Park system.

Let us briefly review the events which have led up to the present danger.

In 1920 a bill to authorize the erection of an irrigation reservoir in the southwest corner of the Yellowstone National Park was introduced into Congress. That bill was defeated. Last winter the attempt to make a breach in the Park was renewed in another form. This was the proposal to take the area desired for that reservoir out of the Park and hand it over to commercial interests. This latest attempt was made as an amendment to a very desirable measure now before Congress. This measure, commonly known as the Co-ordination Bill, provides for the readjustment of the boundaries of the Yellowstone in the interest of both the National Forest Service and the National Park Service. By this measure, the boundaries of the Yellowstone would follow natural features, facilitating the protection of the Park, preserving its wild life more effectively, and materially increasing its area. In this measure those who would loot the Park for commercial purposes saw their opportunity. They therefore proposed to disregard the judgment of the guardians of the Park and change the boundaries so as to exclude this proposed reservoir site. The purpose of the amendment is wholly at variance with the purpose of the bill. Unlike the bill itself, it is not designed to protect the Park, but to despoil it. Instead of making the wild life more secure, this amendment to seize the Bechler Meadows for commercial purposes would endanger wild life; instead of fulfilling the purpose of the National Park Service, it would frustrate it; instead of enhancing the value of the property of the American people, it would injure it. Behind the Co-ordination Bill is the force of National interest as represented by the co-operation between two National services. Behind the amendment to seize the Bechler Meadows is the force only of commercial interests represented by people who want cheap irrigation.

You who want to stop this assault upon the Yellowstone Park can now help. We are writing this to you to tell you how you can help.

You can employ the right that every American citizen has of making known his views and wishes to those who represent him in Congress.

Now is the time to write.

Write to the Representative of your own district. Write to the two Senators from your own State. And write to the members of the two committees that have the bill in charge. These two committees are the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys, the United States Senate, and the Committee on the Public Lands, House of Representatives. The members of these two committees are as follows:

SENATE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC LANDS AND SURVEYS

(Address each of the following: Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C.)

	Senator from
Hon. Robert Nelson Stanfield, *Chairman*	Oregon
Hon. Reed Smoot	Utah
Hon. Peter Norbeck	South Dakota
Hon. Ralph H. Cameron	Arizona
Hon. Tasker L. Oddie	Nevada
Hon. Porter H. Dale	Vermont
Hon. Rice W. Means	Colorado
Hon. Key Pittman	Nevada
Hon. Andrieus A. Jones	New Mexico
Hon. John B. Kendrick	Wyoming
Hon. Thomas J. Walsh	Montana
Hon. C. C. Dill	Washington
Hon. Henry F. Ashurst	Arizona

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES COMMITTEE ON THE PUBLIC LANDS

(Address each of the following: House Office Building, Washington, D. C.)

	Representative from
Hon. Nicholas J. Sinnott, *Chairman*	Oregon
Hon. Addison T. Smith	Idaho
Hon. Don B. Colton	Utah
Hon. Charles E. Winter	Wyoming
Hon. Scott Leavitt	Montana
Hon. Philip D. Swing	California
Hon. Samuel S. Arentz	Nevada
Hon. F. D. Letts	Iowa
Hon. Victor L. Berger	Wisconsin
Hon. F. H. La Guardia	New York
Hon. William J. Driver	Arkansas
Hon. Charles L. Abernethy	North Carolina
Hon. John M. Evans	Montana
Hon. Samuel B. Hill	Washington
Hon. Elmer Thomas	Oklahoma
Hon. John Morrow	New Mexico
Hon. Edgar Howard	Nebraska
Hon. William P. Jarrett	Hawaii
Hon. H. L. Englebright	California

Write these gentlemen, in your own words protesting against the attempt to turn the Bechler Meadows in the southwest corner of Yellowstone Park over to commercial irrigation. The destruction of those meadows by flooding them with water would do irreparable injury. We have told you in former issues of The Outlook what harm it would do. It would not only injure the Yellowstone, but open the way to commercial invasion of every National Park.

Americans, keep the looters out.

Treaty Cruisers

IT is evident from the discussion in Congress and from interchange of correspondence between the President and the Committee on Naval Affairs that the Executive is still firm in his belief that the appropriation and expenditure of money for treaty cruisers is at present inadvisable. What Congress is interested in is the actual construction of vessels of this type. The President appears to be willing to compromise his original position to the extent of permitting Congress to go on record as intending some time in the future to begin this construction.

If we may say so without disrespect, the President's position appears to be that of the celebrated mother who gave a somewhat doubtful permission to her daughter to engage in dry-land swimming. The difficulty in the present instance lies in the fact that a swimmer can enter the water on a moment's notice; but a cruiser of the type of the Omaha, illustrated in Rear-Admiral Knight's article published elsewhere in this issue, requires over three years in the building. For the need of such cruisers on our Navy list we refer the reader to this article by Rear-Admiral Knight. There are factors in the situation, however, which involve other things than a technical knowledge of the requirements of our Navy.

It goes without saying, we believe, that the President's position is not due to any lack of interest in securing for the United States a position to which it is entitled under the Five-Power Treaty. It is apparently the President's hope that money can be saved by refusing to build the cruisers and this economy can be justified by persuading the other nations involved to reduce their navies to a comparable standard with that of the United States.

That was not the method by which the original treaty ratios were secured. The United States at the time of the

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passage of the treaties was in a position to outbuild every nation in the world. Our program of building was already definitely under way. The United States in that situation was in a position to give something in return for what it received. In the matter of cruisers we are in the position of asking something without anything to offer in return.

Undoubtedly, ideals entered into the agreement between the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. Undoubtedly, Great Britain and Japan were as pleased as the United States to be relieved from excessive expenditure on armament. Good will, however, was not the deciding element which put their signatures on the treaties. The deciding element was the very practical realization that if they declined to accept the ratio offered by the United States they would have to accept a very definite position of naval inferiority.

If The Outlook had a vote in Congress, it would cast it in favor of bringing our cruiser strength to a proper ratio with that of other Powers at the earliest possible moment. The time to talk of naval reduction would come when the riveters started work on the keels of the new cruisers.

The Professors and the War Debts

A DEBT between two peoples, unfortunately, is not like a debt between two individuals. One people cannot remit a debt directly to another people owing it. Such a debt can only be dealt with through the governments. Therein lies much of the difficulty in the discussion of the war debts between the Allies and the United States.

If there were some way of remitting these debts directly to the burdened peoples of Europe, struggling through their post-war reconstruction hardships, many Americans would be glad to do it. But there is not. The United States could only remit the debts to the European Governments. If their obligations were canceled, the European Governments would, of course, have the new credit; but whether they would use that credit for the best welfare of their peoples is a question in these same American minds.

Yet the debts continue to trouble many consciences. Among others, there is the faculty of Economics, Public Law, History, and Social Science of Columbia University in New York. Forty-two professors have issued, through President Nicholas Murray Butler, a statement in favor of reconsideration of the whole debt question.

They contend that the debt settlements are making us hated in Europe. But that is not a valid argument. We ought not to give up a just case because the other party does not like it. Indeed, good will can rarely be purchased.

They contend that the principle of "capacity to pay" sounds harsh and heartless. But that is a sentimental argument, and this is not a problem to be solved by sentimentality.

They contend that "capacity to pay" over a period of sixty-two years cannot be determined now. That argument any sensible person would admit. But the problem involved in it is one to be considered when there is reason to think that "capacity to pay" has been reached, or at least approached. Some revision later of the whole reparations and debts arrangement will, in all probability, have to be made. But we cannot begin to consider a new arrangement before the present one has been completed and made effective. An essential debt agreement—that with France—remains unratified. From this point of view, discussion of the debt question now is ill-timed. It will tend to make France feel that opinion here is veering toward cancellation, and so to delay French action. And to secure acceptance by our Senate of the debt agreement with France as it stands bids fair to be troublesome—to say nothing of further modification of that and all the other already ratified agreements.

A great and influential section of the American people is not inclined to release these funds to be used in military adventures or in financing intrigues or building up new menacing alliances in Europe. For instance, Italy was freed from a large part of her obligations to the United States. She found it possible to borrow new funds in New York, and then made a questionable loan to Albania, and followed it up with a political agreement that is brewing trouble in the Balkans. That sort of policy does not encourage lenity in regard to war debts.

We have no right to dictate what another nation must do if we give up part of a debt. Specifically—to take an example from a favorite proposal of some American politicians—we have no right to say that if we cut down the war debts the European nations must cut down their armies. The French contention that this would be an intolerable invasion of the sphere of domestic policy is entirely correct. We should feel it so if another country tried to coerce the United States in a matter affecting security. But we have a right to say that so long as an order is maintained in Europe which does not command our confidence that its intentions are pacific and that it is tending toward a better state of things we will not release the war debts to help finance it.

The United States spent money lavishly to help win the World War. Money is not to be compared with men; but the American people offered their resources generously, and their best men as well. When the war was over, America did not enrich herself with colonial territories. The Allies did. That is a point rarely mentioned when the desirability of scaling down the war debts is being discussed. Now, at least until we are sure that we are not advancing money for more wars in Europe, we want to regain something of what the last war cost us. That is a matter which is in the hands of the people of Europe and their Governments. When they give a convincing sign, we believe that the American people and the Government of the United States will not be unreasonable or unwilling to respond.

Walter Damrosch Retires to Advance

WHEN Walter Damrosch announced on December 14 that he was retiring as conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, many music lovers were rendered quite forlorn. There have been in America orchestral conductors who have won fame as drillmasters, molding their bands into a form closely approaching perfection; orchestral conductors who have excited popular favor by their dramatic methods and effects; orchestral conductors who have had the genius to discern the essentials in great works of musical art and bring them out in relief; but among them all there is no one who has established so personal a relationship between himself and his audiences as Mr. Damrosch. He has been primarily an educator in musical knowledge and musical taste.

Happily, Mr. Damrosch's career as a musical educator will continue. Indeed, it may enter upon a new and broader stage. Mr. Damrosch will continue to direct the Symphony Society's concerts

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for young people and those for children. He will be honorary and guest conductor of the concerts of the Symphony Society, and thus direct occasional concerts in its regular series. More than that, he is, it is understood, planning to widen his influence by developing orchestral concerts for the invisible audience of the radio. He is one of those wise musicians who see in the development of scientific appliances, not an obstacle, but a new opportunity for art and a new means for spreading acquaintance with the best, which is the only basis for good taste.

If only he could be made program-maker for all orchestral concerts, he would find full scope for his special gift. He has the rare instinct for understanding what musical compositions can be combined into a concert that of itself is a work of art. In this field of musical architecture he is unsurpassed.

The Fall-Doheny Case

NOT guilty!

That was the verdict returned by the District of Columbia jury which tried Albert Bacon Fall and Edward L. Doheny on the charge of criminal conspiracy to defraud the United States Government in connection with the lease of the Elk Hills Naval Oil Reserve. The verdict is final. It is just. The crime of conspiracy to defraud was not proved.

But beyond that the verdict does not absolve the defendants or either of them of culpability. So far as this verdict is concerned, the defendants are not, technically at least, free from the charge of bribery, which still remains untried. Is the evidence of bribery sufficient to warrant the pressing of that charge? That depends upon the decision of the authorities. Of this the public has not adequate means of judging.

But the public can, and must, take cognizance of culpability that is entirely outside the province of a criminal court jury. In that sense, Albert B. Fall is culpable. When he accepted a personal loan from a man with whom, as Secretary of the Interior, he was transacting important public business involving the possibility of large profits, he placed himself in a reprehensible attitude toward his public duties. Of this offense against the public he was appointed to serve no jury can convict him; from it no jury can absolve him; but of that offense the people of the United States must be aware unless they are to become as devoid as he of the sense of public integrity. The financial bankruptcy which is said to have threatened Mr. Fall would have been accepted by a right-minded public official as a lesser evil than the moral bankruptcy which he incurred when he accepted the Doheny loan. And to the memory of the comradeship of the old prospecting days, which figured so prominently in the testimony, Mr. Doheny, when he made the loan, did no honor.

International

Walter Damrosch looks on approvingly while Mr. Henry H. Flager, President of the Symphony Society of New York, presents a diamond brooch to Madame Schumann-Heink in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of her appearance as a singer

The trial of the criminal charge proved nothing as to the policy of leasing the naval oil lands or as to the validity of the particular lease made to the Doheny interests. In a civil action the lower courts have decided that this lease is invalid. The Supreme Court of the United States, which has still to pass upon the case, may or may not sustain that finding. If the finding of the lower courts is sustained, what will have been proved will be, not as to the wisdom or unwisdom, the righteousness or unrighteousness, of the general policy of leasing naval oil lands, but only as to its legality.

If the public, or a large part of it, expected a verdict of guilty and is disappointed at the verdict of not guilty, it must blame neither the Court which tried Mr. Fall and Mr. Doheny nor the able men who conducted the case for the Government. It must blame the extravagance of statement which characterized the Senatorial investigation—an extravagance which created an expectation that could not be realized. Mr. Fall's lack of a proper sense of public duty did irreparable harm; but so did the intemperance of some of the Senators who took part in the investigation. The Nation may well be thankful if from this unsavory episode the lesson is learned that the Senate is no fit substitute for a grand jury and a criminal court.

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Beethoven

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

BOOTLEGGING and banditry are not the only sources of pleasure to New Yorkers, Southern and Western opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. A third B may be added —Beethoven. The newspapers give us plenty of information about the first two B's of the trilogy, but they do not say much about the fact that New York has become one of the greatest centers in the world of the Beethoven *culte*. This winter, for example, David and Clara Mannes—the brother-in-law and sister of Walter Damrosch, who has just retired from the conductorship of the New York Symphony Orchestra after forty years of leadership in music which has made him an international figure—are giving a series of noteworthy Beethoven recitals in the delightful auditorium of their well-known music school. At these recitals they are presenting the piano and violin sonatas, of which Beethoven wrote ten. I had the pleasure of hearing one of these recitals on a recent Sunday afternoon. The musical charm of these intimate performances by the Manneses is very great. But the program which I heard, not only gave me sensuous and intellectual pleasure, but set me thinking of the psychological and literary interest which must be forever attached to Beethoven's name.

That name may be coupled with the name Shakespeare in the realm of creative genius. The tragedy of Shakespeare is that we know so little about him—so little, indeed, that some people think he never existed. The tragedy of Beethoven is that we know so much. There are few biographies in existence that so lay open to us every incident, aspect, and emotion of a man's life as Thayer's monumental biography of Beethoven. In this respect it is hardly surpassed by Boswell's Life of Johnson. Thayer makes us familiar with the commonplaceness of some of Beethoven's ancestors, with his unhappy boyhood, with his drunken and harsh father, with the wretchedness of spirit caused by his early deafness, and with the antagonisms and enmities of some of his musical contemporaries. Out of these malevolent surroundings blossomed, not only a great creative genius, but a wonderful character and spirit. It is unfashionable in these days of physiological psychology to use the word "soul." And yet Beethoven is one of the outstanding examples in biographical literature of the unconquerable soul of man. The program of the Mannes recital which I heard consisted of the sonatas in A Major, C Minor, and G Major, Opus 30. They were composed in 1802, when Beethoven was thirty-two years old. Paul Bekker, perhaps one of the ablest Beethoven critics, says that two of these sonatas contain passages that "are among the most attractive which Beethoven has composed." This is an interesting fact, but by no means the most interesting associated with these sonatas. In the year in which they were composed Beethoven wrote a document, prompted by his despair over his rapidly increasing deafness, which is known in Beethoven literature as the "Heiligenstadt Will." Not even that artificial *poseuse* Marie Bashkirtsev has written anything more pathetic. I quote:

> O ye men who think or say that I am malevolent, stubborn or misanthropic, how greatly do ye wrong me, you who do not know the secret causes of my seeming. From childhood my heart and mind were disposed to the gentle feeling of good will. I was even ever eager to accomplish great deeds. But reflect now that for six years I have been in a hopeless case, aggravated by senseless physicians, cheated year after year in the hope of improvement, finally compelled to face the prospect of a *lasting malady* (whose cure will take years or, perhaps, be impossible). Born with an ardent and lively temperament, even susceptible to the diversions of society, I was compelled early to isolate myself, to live in loneliness. When at times I tried to forget all this, O how harshly was I repulsed by the doubly sad experience of my bad hearing. And yet it was impossible for me to say to men speak louder, shout, for I am deaf. How could I possibly admit an infirmity in the *one sense* which should have been more perfect in me than in others—a sense which I once possessed in highest perfection, a perfection such as few surely in my profession enjoy or ever have enjoyed. . . . I must live like an exile. If I approach near to people a hot terror seizes upon me, a fear that I may be subjected to the danger of letting my condition be observed. . . . What a humiliation when one stood beside me and heard a flute in the distance and *I heard nothing*. . . . Such incidents brought me to the verge of despair. But little more and I would have put an end to my life. Only art it was that withheld me. It seemed impossible to leave the world until I had produced all that I felt called upon to produce, and so I endured this wretched existence. . . . It is said that I must now choose Patience for my guide. I have done so. I hope my determination will remain firm to endure until it pleases the inexorable Parcæ to break the thread. . . . Divine One, thou lookest into my inmost soul, thou knowest it, thou knowest that love of man and desire to do good live therein. O men, when some day you read these words, reflect that ye did me wrong and let the unfortunate one comfort himself and find one of his kind who despite all the obstacles of nature yet did all that was in his power to be accepted among worthy artists and men.

Perhaps it was the irritability due to Beethoven's deafness that led to a quarrel in connection with the most famous of the composer's violin sonatas, the ninth of the series of ten, known as the "Kreutzer Sonata." This is the only composition probably which has involved literary as well as musical critics in voluminous discussions. Tolstoy absurdly denounced it as immoral in one of his novels, an assertion which aroused a storm in the literary as well as the musical world. The sonata was originally written by Beethoven at high speed for a young English violin virtuoso named Bridgetower. Bridgetower was a mulatto, the son of an African father and German or Polish mother, and the brilliant gifts he displayed as a violinist, when he visited Vienna, enlisted Beethoven's admiration. The sonata was first dedicated to Bridgetower. At the concert at which it was first performed by Beethoven and Bridgetower the sonata was regarded as so ultra-modern that it was laughed at. The friendship between Bridgetower and Beethoven, however, was broken by a quarrel, and the sonata was rededicated to Rudolph Kreutzer, a French violinist. Thus by a trifling incident the possibility of lasting fame was transferred from the now forgotten Englishman to the Frenchman whose name will endure as long as the violin is played.

So it is that the name of Beethoven has an appeal for the man of letters as well as the man of music, for the name of no artist, certainly the name of no musician, has made so marked an impression on modern literature as that of the composer of the "Kreutzer Sonata."

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The Painter of Atmosphere

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

TWO future friends, Auguste Rodin and Claude Monet, were born on the same day. One became, in my opinion, the greatest sculptor; the other, the greatest landscape painter of this latter day.

Monet spent his childhood at Havre. In school studies he was dull. But not in ability to draw. As caricaturist he paid his respects to all the notabilities of the port. Every Sunday a crowd would collect at the stationer's window where the boy exhibited his week's sketches.

Among the onlookers was Eugène Boudin. He sought the cartoonist's acquaintance and taught him painting. Monet also became well acquainted with Jongkind, the Dutch artist.

The boy's first colors were opaque. But, influenced by the foaming sea on the cliffs, he began to lessen the value of mere matter and to emphasize that of the light shed thereon, thus preparing the way for what we now call impressionism.

YEARS later he went to Paris, meeting the sympathetic Renoir and Sisley. All painted independently of tradition, but with respect for what Courbet and Corot had done. Monet's pictures now showed a notable effort to realize the atmospheric value of light. Extreme energy in this direction led to the Salon's refusal to hang one of his canvases—and greater fame to the Salon des Refusés.

Finally the word "impressionism" was coined. It happened thus. Monet, Cézanne, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, had arranged an exhibition of their works. Monet had called one of his "Sunrise: an Impression." "Ah, now we have the Impressionists, have we?" was the critics' caustic comment. The derisive title was proudly accepted by the poor young artists. Poor? I should say so; Monet and Renoir lived a whole winter on a diet of potatoes.

The Impressionists, nothing daunted, continued to hold exhibitions. They were finally fortunate. Georges Clemenceau, a pioneering collector, and Durand-Ruel, a far-sighted dealer, recognized and supported them.

But Monet's luminous color—or, rather, I should write, colorful light—did not wholly overcome popular prejudice until 1890, when he shared an exhibit with Rodin. The effort had taken a generation's time.

MEANWHILE Monet had been to England, where Turner's pictures had influenced him, as we note from the "Thames series"—a "Waterloo Bridge," now owned in America, I have greatly admired. The canvases done in Holland, at Venice and Antibes, have also aroused enthusiasm. The glorious "Cathedrals" are better known to me. Even more remarkable is Monet's depiction of what I think the ugliest interior in Paris—that of the St. Lazare Railway station. As I have looked at this picture I have always *felt* a painter at work, on no matter what subject, who persisted in being a poet.

But my favorites are the Seine scenes. Their cadence is like Debussy's music. But it is more. You become conscious of what I would call a dancing vibration. The world becomes full of luminous liquid atoms—amber, amethyst, emerald. You are in a universe of as yet unappreciated light. Your eyes have lacked education. Why, now you even discover color in shadow—for color seems but a luminous radiation or modulation. Nature takes on freshness, youth, rhythm; becomes more palpitating and human, more a part of you, and you of it. This is impressionism.

Its founder was a man of exemplary dignity and of persistent activity. During his many years of final success, as during the preceding period, his industry never slackened.

For forty-odd years his home has been in this little hamlet of Giverny, one of the pleasant places on the river Seine between Paris and Rouen. Because of his residence here Giverny has now become an artists' pilgrimage spot.

ON approaching the village, the first thing I saw was a sign: "Hostellerie—hostelry, open all the year." That seemed human.

Soon after entering the village I came to the fine old church (and are there any not fine in Normandy?), on the side of a hill and commanding a wide view. All about are rich farms, suggesting the province's traditional wealth. The mingled field and forest of the valley below, the islands in the river, the poplars along its banks, the hills opposite—all were veiled in vaporous light, now rose, now violet, as the pale sun penetrated the delicate winter mist. This is a proper place for the painter of atmosphere.

About me was a sunny, open churchyard. I walked past the well-kept, grassy mounds, chrysanthemums on most of them—no white ones, but gay posies, speaking of life, not death. Somehow, strange as it may appear, they seemed really a cheery bond between those of us who had gone before and those who remain.

"Here, too, has come at last our great man," said the old caretaker to me, pointing to a newly opened grave. At that spot had assembled a company of persons, among them ex-Prime Minister Clemenceau, eighty-five years old. He was paying the last honors to a friend, eighty-six years old.

NO peasant's funeral could have been simpler. Monet wanted it so. Behind a plain wooden coffin, placed on a garden hand-cart, pulled and pushed by stout Normans, those closest to Monet in family and friendship had walked the half-mile from his house to the churchyard.

Last week the "Tiger" had come to Giverny to see his old friend, now stricken by grave illness. In consequence there had been an instant's glad rally. But it was the candle's final flare. Clemenceau stayed to close his friend's eyes.

There was no gush of flowers, as I had expected; at Monet's own request, there might be one expressive bouquet from his garden. Nor were there to be the usual addresses, in honor of eminent Frenchmen, pronounced over the grave.

Taking advantage of the moment, I motored quickly to Monet's great garden, admitted to it by a friend. Here, too, is the living, human touch. I stand for a minute in a far reach, where, unobserved, I do not feel so much an intruder. It is December, but everything seems to speak, not of winter decay, but of what spring will bring. The rich brown earth in the neat flower-beds looks warm; the vines on the long trim trellises are still green, and the hedges will stay green; the conservatories are alive; and beyond, away over there in the far corner, is the hospitable-looking russet-colored residence, with its high studio window. All appear to attest the essential continuity of life, despite death. Right alongside me a red rose bravely blooms.

Giverny, December 8, 1926.

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Notes for Municipal Housekeepers

By IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

THE garbage of American towns and cities is commonly disposed of by one of five methods: it is given or sold to owners of piggeries; it is spread over farm land as a fertilizer; it is dumped into the sea; it is made into a marketable grease in a reduction plant; or it is reduced to clean ashes in a municipal incinerator. Valid objections to all five of these methods join with the fact that England and France have established a sixth and effective method to emphasize America's deficiency in this civic function.

That the flesh of pigs fattened upon decaying city refuse is made into food for human beings is far from an appetizing thought, even though it is true that a pig's stomach is a chemical laboratory duly equipped by nature to turn any kind of refuse into wholesome meat. But to support my distaste I have been told by a reputable pork packer that "the flesh of garbage-fed pigs is soft and stringy, no matter how thorough the curing process."

As to the second method of disposal, there is a limit to the amount of garbage any piece of land will absorb. Decayed fruit and vegetables, watermelon rinds and coffee-grounds, make a fertilizer too wet for continuous use. New York is facing the results of the third method in the complaints of New Jersey that the garbage of 6,000,000 people dumped into the sea and swept back by the tides is making her beaches and seaside resorts unsightly and unsanitary. Furthermore, with the dumping of garbage and the flow of sewage into the sea, oysters and clams are feeding upon a kind of refuse which makes them, with garbage-fed pork, an unappetizing and perhaps dangerous addition to one's dinner.

The reduction plant of the fourth method is invariably a public nuisance. The decaying garbage boiling down to grease emits an offensive odor that the courts have again and again pronounced prejudicial to the public health. There is small demand for the grease of garbage reduction plants, and it yields a profit to the contractor only when he receives, as is generally the case, a large sum for collecting from housekeepers the material which makes the grease.

INCINERATION is the only sanitary way of disposing of municipal waste, and, to the credit of our cities, it is being adopted as fast as money can be raised to build and maintain furnaces large enough to burn the thousands and thousands of tons of refuse produced by our National carelessness and extravagance. But an incinerator whose by-products are allowed to go to waste is a further extravagance.

Two hundred cities in England, and as many on the Continent, use the kind of incinerator known as a destructor, and find in its by-products profits enough to pay the running expenses of the plant.

I have visited twice a destructor in London; and quite recently I was permitted to inspect one of the plants in Paris.

I have found, first, that their success presupposes a system of waste collection practically unknown in America. In this country each home is expected to have three refuse-cans: one for ashes, which are used for filling; one for garbage; and one for general waste—papers, bottles, tin cans, broken china, and glass—which is carted to swell unsightly and malodorous municipal dumps. For prosperous housekeepers this arrangement is difficult, and for housewives in crowded tenements it is impossible. In London, Paris, and every other city which maintains a destructor, household waste of whatever kind goes into a single receptacle. I have never seen or heard a garbage-cart in London; so I infer that collections are made at night, and quietly—markedly, totally, different from the usual tardy, noisy, dirty American collection system of wagons overloaded to the spilling point.

THE London refuse is burned in the destructor furnace without the use of coal or any other additional fuel. The power generated by the burning refuse is used for public lighting. The fine ash which is raked from the furnace is sold for macadamizing roads and as a substitute for sand in making mortar. The tin cans come out of the furnace as scrap tin, which is eagerly carried away by dealers in old metal. The fused glass and china are pulverized, and, with the ash and a due proportion of cement, are made into fireproof and waterproof bricks which find a ready sale. I brought three of these bricks home with me, and they are now in the office of the Civic Club of Philadelphia, to be seen by incredulous visitors.

The Paris destructor I inspected has been installed since the war. The carts which collect for it are the last word in efficiency, and a joy to sanitarians. They are of metal, and tubular in shape, resembling somewhat the oil trucks so familiar in American streets. The body of the carts is swung low for the convenience of the men who empty the cans. American garbage-carts, as I have seen them in operation in many cities, are so high that often the collector has to lift a heavy can to the height of his head in order to empty its contents, a gymnastic feat that is likely to result in spilling part of the contents onto the pavement. The metal lid of the model Paris cart is made in three sections: as the waste accumulates, one lid after another is clamped down, and the loaded cart proceeds finally to the destructor, with no possibility of dropping a fragment of waste upon the clean pavements. These model carts move on a fixed schedule, and each householder is notified at what hour his can must be in readiness.

The Paris plant I visited is just outside the Porte St. Martin. I saw a large open square, with buildings on three sides. To the left are lockers and shower-baths for the workmen, both opening on a hall with a long table on which the men may spread in comfort and cleanliness the lunches provided by thrifty wives or mothers. On the second side is a long, low shed which protects from the weather a pit in which is a moving platform. The carts back up and dump their contents upon this platform. Several men and women are kept busy retrieving with long rakes any unbroken dish, decent-looking shoes, or other waste that might again be put to use. On the third side of the square is the furnace to which the moving platform carries the waste, which, without the addition of coal, generates enough electricity to light a large section of Paris.

MR. Francis Goodrich, an engineer who has written several books on the economic disposal of town waste, informs us that, in general, such waste has twenty per cent of the calorific value of coal; that is, five tons of refuse equal one ton of coal. Given enough refuse, a destructor is capable of supplying a variety of municipal needs.

Of the 200 English cities maintaining destructors, 76 use the power for public and private lighting and 74 for pumping

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sewage. The destructor of the town of Preston provides the power for the local trolley-car service. The fused glass and china from the destructors of Aldershot and Frome are pulverized, and, mixed with ash, take the place of sand in the filtration beds. The smallest town in England utilizing a destructor is Hunstanton, a community of 1,500 people. They make three and a half tons of refuse a day, burn it at the rate of half a ton an hour, and use the power to pump the town water supply. Mr. Goodrich quotes a report from Torquay, which fed to its destructor in one month eight tons of mixed refuse, including fish offal, meat and poultry offal, waste bread and cake, bits of wood, old boxes, tin cans, pans, pails, bits of old iron, vegetable refuse, garden prunings, bones, broken china and glass, old bottles, straw, waste paper, rags, bits of canvas, old boots and shoes, dust, ashes, and bits of coal and coke. The eight tons of mixed refuse produced enough electricity for all public and private lighting. The city of Leeds has four destructors, a report from one of which shows that, besides the customary garbage, ashes, and general waste, it turned into electric light in one year the carcasses of 11 cows, 3 calves, 17 sheep, 4 goats, 298 pigs, 5 turkeys, 2 carcasses of beef, 28 quarters of beef, 9 hundredweight of pickled tongue, 12 hundredweight of herring, 218 hundredweight of shell-fish, 1 hundredweight of sugar, 285 dogs, 109 cats, 15 foxes, 1 sea-serpent, 147 mattresses, 7 blankets, 26 carpets, 7 rugs, and many beds, pillows, and bolsters.

In general, as already stated, five tons of mixed waste equals one ton of coal; but city engineers in America tell us that the waste from American households is too wet—with an abundance of watermelons, green corn, grapefruit, and oranges—to have that amount of heating power. But there is good reason for believing that it is not the wet waste that goes into the destructors that makes that kind of furnace a failure in our cities; it is the politics that go into them. To insure success, a destructor must be managed by an engineer, and not by a man who is merely a Republican or a Democrat. I asked the engineer of the Paris plant how he got his appointment, and he answered, "By competitive examination."

"Your politics had nothing to do with it?" I inquired.

He seemed much amused. "No one knew and no one asked whether I was a Legitimist, a Bonapartist, a Socialist, or a plain Republican. But, since you are an American, I will tell you that I am not a Monarchist."

After correspondence with many of our cities I have found Milwaukee apparently the only one maintaining a destructor, just as it seems to be the only one that lightens the burdens of its taxpayers by selling a by-product of electricity. Milwaukee has, I understand, an effective Civil Service Law. Therefore I infer that the engineers who have made her municipal furnace profitable were appointed for their proved professional skill, and not because they were Republicans, Democrats, or even followers of the principles of La Follette. Understanding their business, they discovered a solution for the wet-waste problem.

During the winter they use city refuse as the sole fuel; but in the summer, when melons, fruit, and green corn add greatly to the moisture, they add a certain proportion of coal. The addition of a little coal makes it possible, also, to burn in a destructor city sewage that has been treated in a septic tank.

It goes without saying that in a large city there must be several destructors, each in a different section. The possible and very probable objections of householders to a disposal plant in their neighborhood is met by the fact that, unlike a dump or a reduction furnace, a destructor does not create a nuisance. Of the 200 cities of England using destructors, 140 have placed them near residential districts, and no complaints are yet on record.

Raymond Poincaré: A Sketch

ONE of the most distinguished families of France consisted, a few years ago, of two brothers and a cousin—Raymond, Lucien, and Henri Poincaré—of whom the first and oldest, again Premier, is the most widely known and the only living member.

Henri Poincaré, who died in 1912, comparatively young, was an eminent mathematician and professor of the Faculté des Sciences in Paris.

He was also noted for his absence of mind, and many anecdotes are told of him, among others this: Meeting a friend on the street one evening, the latter exclaimed: "Well, and what are you doing in this part of the town at this hour?" "I have just taken my daughter to a dance, and I am to call for her later. By the by, I do not remember where I left her!"

M. Antoni Poincaré, father of Raymond and Lucien, had almost a mania for crossing the most crowded streets, not only at his leisure, but while deep in conversation, and with frequent stops to emphasize a point—all this to the terror of his family upon the sidewalk, to whom he would only reply: *"C'est bien, c'est bien;* they won't run over me!" and truly "they" never did!

Lucien Poincaré, who died in 1920, was for several years the Recteur, or head, of the Sorbonne. He was even more brilliant than his famous brother, and possessed an extraordinary facility of intellectual absorption and digestion; a glance at any topic sufficed him—he was master of the subject at once. His older brother's achievements, based upon the most solid qualities, have been rather the result of conscientious and unremitting toil.

The Premier, now in his sixty-seventh year, and apparently in robust health, is short, somewhat squarely built, with an erect carriage reminiscent of his service in the Chasseurs Alpins, a uniformly white skin, not wholly due to sedentary labors, a straight, appraising, concentrated gaze, and a very strong jaw, only partly concealed by a scanty beard. One's first impression is of great force, immense reserve powers, and absolute self-command; then he looks one in the face, speaks, smiles, and one is aware of deep consideration for others, the finest delicacy of feeling, and great kindness of heart.

Born in Bar-le-Duc, of a family which for generations had its roots in the old Duchy of Lorraine, M. Poincaré reminds us of his brother the Breton by his invincible determination, his almost dogged tenacity; these fundamental traits combined with unflinching purpose, the highest moral courage, and unswerving rectitude confer upon him the inflexible and distant effect of the ancient Roman and cause him to be considered as something more or less than human, a mechanism, an abstraction. He seems cold

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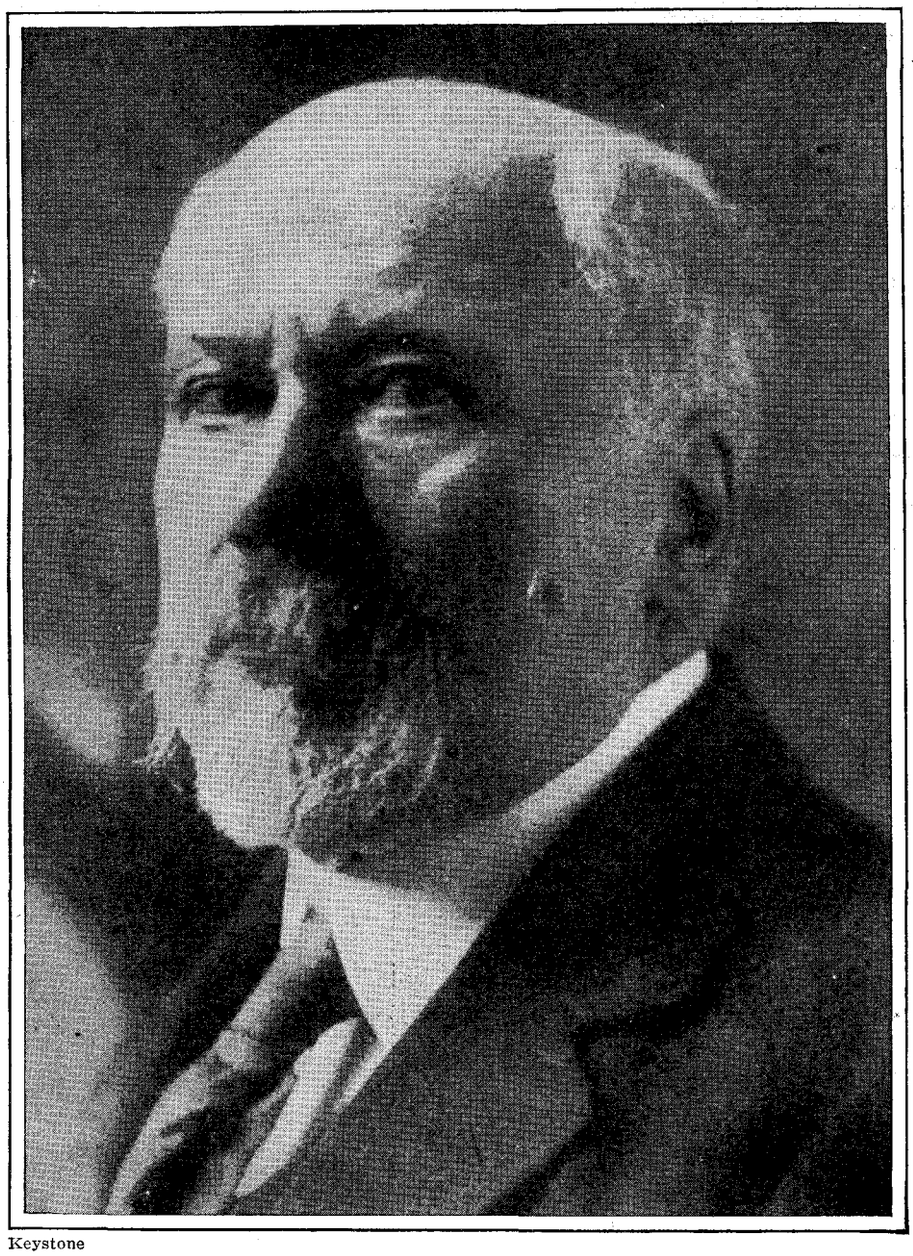

Keystone

Raymond Poincaré

because he has that rarest of traits in a Frenchman—the ability to master his heart—to place duty supreme. Nor party nor self can swerve him, nor influence, nor affection; he stands above all.

A much-esteemed and beloved cousin, a man of spotless character, almost old enough to be his father, desired, for family reasons, to remove his functions from the town in which he had exercised them for some twenty-five years to another, smaller, in every way less important, and where the emoluments were less. To this end M. Poincaré was requested to use his influence, and promptly refused.

The family in question not only feel no sense of injury, but a great pride in this stern decree.

A lady of no importance was received by M. Poincaré upon a ministerial matter. A few days later the answer was carried by Madame Poincaré in person to the petitioner's hotel "so as to be sure she would receive it."

Upon an anniversary in the Premier's ancestral village a former official began an address; after a few sentences he forgot his text, turned green, stammered—was lost. M. Poincaré, near by, leaned toward him and murmured: "Get out your little paper—I have one too!"

Every year, in the fall, a gathering of all the relatives takes place in this little corner of France. Mass is celebrated in the small, picturesque ancient church and the entire population attends. Then the family visit the plot where generations of their forebears lie, and flowers are laid upon the graves. A family breakfast follows of thirty or more, homely and simple, especially since the war, and utterly without ceremony.

At the last reunion, having heard that there was a cat visitor in the house, nothing would satisfy the most distinguished guest—who is extraordinarily fond of animals—but his presentation. His catship was raptly intent on mice in what at home would be called the barn chamber, but he submitted to be caught, introduced to and stroked by the most noted personage in France, somewhat alarmed, for he fears men, with wide green eyes and adhesive claws tense and ready for escape, unaware that he had leaped to historic consequence, and was raised above all others of his race, Gris-Gris, alas! having died in the preceding spring.

The death of their Siamese cat was a real grief to the family. Gris-Gris was the autocrat of the household. M. Poincaré himself waited upon him, and at times deprived himself of delicacies with which to feed his pet. Once, as he bestowed half of his partridge upon this spoiled creature, Madame Poincaré thought it time to remonstrate. "I am only giving what is mine—I am not depriving any one else," was the reply.

But Gris-Gris had ambitions transcending even the personal attentions of a former President of the Republic; he would be served by the butler as well. In the first cool days of September this wise cat would follow the servitor to the door, fasten his claws in the retreating trousers, and triumphantly drag his captive to the chimney-place, where, erect and complacent, he would await the fire which was lighted for his especial solace.

It is probably known to few that not only are all the Premier's funds invested in France (how many of the present Government can say that?), but that as soon as he accepted office last July, from motives of economy and to set an example, he discharged some of his household servants—among others his chauffeur—and that he has even eliminated the comforting cup of afternoon tea which he and his wife used to enjoy in common.

No fair-weather statesman is he, but one who ever stood sentinel, watchful and alert; to whom in the hour of direst need his country has more than once turned an anguished eye, assured that his answer will be: "Ready; aye, ready!"

Probably the highest compliment ever given was that heartfelt cry of the Communist Deputy: *"On ne vous voit que dans les jours de malheur!"*

France, 1926.

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The Link of Poetry

A London Literary Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

BUSINESS and pleasure called us to Canterbury, which claims to be the most historic city in the Kingdom. We wanted to inspect the unfinished memorial to Christopher Marlowe, who was born in Canterbury, and to see the Kent County War Memorial, which has been described as the most beautiful in the Kingdom, and (I am a man of sentiment) we planned to ascend the tower of the West Gate, the solitary survivor of the seven ancient gates of Canterbury, and there indulge in a little ceremony, if there was nobody about, of linking up some poets of the past with a poet of the present.

It was our purpose to say snatches of poetry aloud, as they sing carols on Magdalen Tower, Oxford, each May morning. The past poets, of course, belonged more or less to Canterbury, and the poet of the present—well, I must refer you to the article in The Outlook of September 15 on "Far-Flung Verse." Therein I asked for the text and author's name of a poem remembered with gratitude by Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson and many Englishmen. Eighteen Americans kindly replied to my request, and, being moved by their courtesy, I sent a copy of "100 Second-Best Poems" to the writers of the first six letters.

The poem is "A Chant of Love for England," by Helen Gray Cone, a professor at Hunter College, New York. It was first published in the "Atlantic Monthly," February, 1915, and since has appeared in several anthologies and in Miss Cone's "A Chant of Love for England, and Other Poems" (Dutton). This heart-to-heart poem is finding a new public in England, as I printed it recently in the "Daily Chronicle"—more letters of thanks. English folk are touched by this gesture of loving sympathy. Poets mend what politicians break.

So imagine us standing on the top of the tower of West Gate, Canterbury, declaiming passages from Chaucer, Marlowe, Lovelace, and linking these English poets up with "A Chant of Love for England." Beneath us, all around, as we declaimed was England—the heart of England, old yet young.

The ages rolled away. I saw in the mind's eye the lake-dwellers in the Canterbury flats, their huts on piles rising from the swamps around the estuary of the river Stour, and all about were dense woods, with tracks from the forest that crossed the ford.

Photo by Fisk-Moore

The West Gate, Canterbury, from Without—To-Day

I saw in the mind's eye the Roman occupation, with Canterbury or Durovernum, as it was called, already famous as the place where the three Roman roads from the Kentish coast—fortresses of Reculver, Richborough, and Lympne—unite to cross the Stour, and thence march together northwards along the great highway to be known in later days as Watling Street, traversed to-day by motor cars, which skim along this two thousand years old Road. Two Roman columns from Reculver stand to-day in the precincts of Canterbury Cathedral.

I saw the great day in the history of Canterbury (Cantwarabyrig—*i. e.*, the City of the Men of Kent), when King Ethelbert, the first Christian King of Kent, bestowed, in 597, his palace, the site of the Cathedral, and the church then standing there upon St. Augustine. So arose the monastery of Christ Church, which became the parent of Canterbury Cathedral. And this good King Ethelbert and his good Queen Bertha gave St. Augustine the land near by, but without the precincts, where the Abbey of St. Augustine arose—still a noble fragment. Queen Bertha would pass to her devotions at St. Martin, without the walls, through the postern of Queningate. There is a pathway to-day called Queningate, and you may walk where Queen Bertha walked. The Church of St. Martin still lingers. Archæologists agree that much of the present building was standing when St. Augustine arrived, and that service has been celebrated there for at least thirteen centuries.

I saw a strange, unclothed figure walking sorrowfully down the hill from St. Dunstan's Church on his way to the Cathedral. It was Henry II doing penance in 1172 for the murder of Becket; and then I saw the countless men and women on the Pilgrim's way from Winchester and other parts of England. They pass through the West Gate on their pilgrimage to the shrine of Becket.

I saw Chaucer and his Canterbury Pilgrims entering the city and the little hill beyond the walls where the Pilgrims had their first sight of the Angel Tower of the Cathedral. They fell upon their knees.

And then—it is 1538—a terrible gesture by Henry VIII, a sweeping act, startles the land. The monasteries are suppressed, and Becket's bones are scattered.

I saw here and there fragments of ancient Canterbury—the Dane John mound; bits of the city walls; the ruined castle; sites of many churches; a lion's head carved in stone, all that remains of Chaucer's Chequers of the Hope Inn at the corner of Mercery Lane; the church where Defoe preached; the Fleur De Lis Inn, where Dickens stayed, with its thirteenth-century window and its Tudor staircase. All around, at every twist and turn, I saw in the mind's eye records of the centuries; and the center of everything, the heart of Kent, is the Cathedral, lovelier than ever in the morning sunshine.

We take one last look; we declaim final snatches from the poets past and

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present; we end with four lines from the Father of English poetry:

And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke.
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Then we descend from the West Tower to go about our business and pleasure.

Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?

Better than the Ballot

By Aaron Hardy Ulm

"LET me read you a letter I received yesterday from a Western farmer of whom I never heard before," said Senator William E. Borah to me when stating his views on a subject that was newly to the front.

As he read the communication, written on a sheet torn from a school-child's pad, a conundrum that had puzzled me was cleared up. The letter explained the feeling which the Senator had displayed concerning a matter of which I had thought he knew and cared little. Information supplied by a man unknown to him had quite apparently accentuated, if it had not fixed, the Senator's views in the premises. The communication from a casual voter may have inspired the aggressive fight the Senate leader later made on behalf of the point of view put forth in it. For it was a commanding point of view which could not have been otherwise procured.

Thus, to carry this speculation further, the letter may have been the determining factor in the making of a bit of not unimportant history. Yet the man who wrote it probably thought at the time that he was wasting his effort and, if he runs true to type, has never written another letter of the kind to a member of Congress.

It doesn't often happen that a single letter to a member of Congress has the weight in the final tracing of cause and effect which possibly might be credited to the one Senator Borah read to me. But such a letter written by any one might have it; and a large number of that kind from different voters in different sections of the country will almost invariably have mighty weight in the shaping of final results.

I asked a member of Congress about it. He isn't an individualist like Borah, but just an average lawmaker, who likes and needs and wants to keep his present job. He has no intense personal views about anything, but, withal, is an honest-thinking man.

"Would it be possible for five hundred letters from your district to control your vote on virtually any question likely to come up?" I inquired.

He laughed self-consciously.

"Be they of the right sort, from the right people, and written in the right way, fewer than a hundred letters could fix my position on practically any National question," he replied.

By the right sort, right people, and right way he meant the reverse of what you probably think. He meant that the letters should be such as would convince him that the consensus of expressions made in them represented the views of a majority of his constituents. Hence the writers would have to be well distributed as to occupation, residence, interest, and intelligence. Furthermore, it would have to be clear that the letters had been written voluntarily on the initiative of the writers alone. Above all, they would have to come from other than the ever-ready letter writers who regularly lade the mail of officials with solemn and wordy advice.

DURING the publication of its editorials and articles on the Yellowstone Grab The Outlook has received enthusiastic indorsements of its position from leading citizens and public-spirited organizations all over the United States.

How many of these citizens and organizations have sent similar word to their Congressmen, who, in the final analysis, hold the controlling power over the fate of the Yellowstone?

This article tells the type of letter which Congressmen read and listen to. Congress is fed up on propaganda. It wants a genuine expression of opinion from its constituents.

IT would be possible for a hundred letters of the kind indicated to show the prevailing opinion in a Congressional district. Moreover, a hundred such letters might cause the boldest of Congressmen to ponder very seriously.

For the average voter doesn't take pen in hand very often to write his or her Congressman or Senator what he or she happens to know about some public question or what he or she wants done about it. And when one does it on one's own initiative what is said is meant, believe me; and it usually can be taken for granted that the opinion thus expressed is held by many others similarly situated. For example, voluntary letters written by ten average farmers in a county are apt to show the views of a majority of all farmers in that area. But remember that the writers must be average farmers who write out of the fullness of their own hearts and not at the behest of some more or less professional bell-wether.

"I have seen a few hatfuls of letters from back home break what seemed to be invincible line-ups in the House," a man who was once a leader in the United States House of Representatives tells me. "'Why is Jones, who has been down as one of us, veering over to the other side?' is the sort of question that we used frequently to hear asked in the cloak-rooms. And the most often heard reply was, 'Well, he's getting a good many letters from the home folks.'

"But, barring the rare occasion, the home folks who should do so simply don't and won't write."

Yet growing floods of correspondence burden official even more than business life. The clerical forces and conveniences of members of Congress have to be augmented constantly, chiefly on account of the increasing volume of mail which pours into the offices of even the most obscure ones.

Despite this, the average member gets less genuine and authentic advice from constituents than he did thirty years ago —and far less than did his predecessor of a hundred years ago, when writing a letter was a tedious and not inexpensive undertaking. And the loss is not made up for by authentic word-of-mouth advice, which also is less available than of old.

He gets letters, oodles of them. They fall broadly into three classes, defined by the general subjects which inspire them —*e. g.*, errands, patronage, and public measures. Errand running or departmental mail has grown tremendously on account of expansion of Governmental activity. The majority of letters written voluntarily by constituents to members

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of Congress are of that type. They make requests for Government bulletins or for looking after some matter personal to the writer, as, say, a claim pending with the Veterans' Bureau.

Only a small proportion of either of the other two general kinds of letters, including telegrams, which now are used on a big scale, are written voluntarily or on the sole initiative of the constituents sending them.

Most patronage letters come from job-seekers, and more numerously from friends and supporters, who write usually at the request of applicants.

Seventy-five per cent or more of communications on public questions sent by folk back home to persons attending to the business of Government for them in Washington are predominantly and patently propaganda only. Usually these letters and telegrams represent little more than energetic activity on the part of some lobbyist working probably within sight of the Capitol.

DURING the last Congress, when a measure of extended potency was being discussed, telegrams and letters from all sections of the country poured incessantly for several days into the offices of United States Senators. The secretaries of two Senators, one a Western Republican and the other a Southern Democrat, on comparing notes, found that the two offices were receiving rampant demands from individual constituents in exactly the same words!

One of the secretaries checked up later on a large number of the messages which came to his chief. And he learned that many of the senders didn't even know what the messages contained. Personal friends had called up and said, for example, "Say, Joe, won't you help me out in a little matter I've up with Senator Blank in Washington?" "Just put my name to anything you want me to say," many Joes had replied. And their names were put on model messages that had been wired out, with instructions as to how to get them signed, to bell-wethers by a lobbyist in Washington. This is known as the card-index form of lobbying, because the secret of it is a card-index file of the names and addresses of folk who can thus be used in all sections of the country.

The extent to which a showing thus artificially contrived may be made to look like a vast uprising on the part of the public depends only on the extent of preliminary arrangements and funds to meet the cost.

Not a few Federal acts of recent years, including at least two proposed amendments to the Constitution, were jockeyed through Congress in that way.

It is to this, mostly an instrument for professional lobbying, that the great and sacred right of petitioning those in power has come!

The formal petition was long ago so debased by artifice that no person of any sense ever takes one of those dirt-laden documents seriously.

AMONG knowing legislative manipulators the direct message has taken the place of the formal petition. And as such it has been tremendously effective, largely because it took legislators a long time to learn that many persons are just as accommodating about signing petitioning letters or telegrams as they are about attaching their names to formal scrolls of the kind for which our ancestors fought.

People are thus accommodating or indifferent because of the common belief that persons in power care nothing for advice or information from persons outside of select cliques.

No common belief is more fallacious, as practitioners of the card-index school of lobbying know and prove.

There is nothing the intelligent official, whether good or bad, welcomes more heartily than honest-to-goodness letters of advice and information from constituents.

This is especially true of those in Washington, notably members of Congress, for its peculiar location and composition cause the capital of our country to be cut off from the natural economic, mental, and spiritual currents of the Nation almost as fully as if the city of Washington were on an island in the mid-Atlantic.

You would be amazed if I could tell you of all the artifices used by Washington officials in trying to surmount that condition. Many members of Congress who want to keep their jobs regularly write "decoy" letters to every voter in their districts in a drastic attempt to get voluntary expressions on public questions.

"Even then," one who does this tells me, "I hear from only a comparatively few. Just before coming to Washington for the present session I sent a circular letter to 30,000 of my constituents, asking that they tell me what they think, want, or need along lines within the purview of the Federal Government. I have received about 500 replies, ninety per cent of which tell me nothing, being perfunctory or exactly what I already knew. Those that contain worth-while expressions of fact or opinion are in the main from persons who write to me regularly, anyway. From these I hear entirely too much. It is not what my personal friends, political lieutenants, or associates think that bothers me. It is what the thousands who are only names to me—but who will pass on me next year—think and want and need that I desire to know. Give me that information, and I can stay here until they take me home in a box, and I won't have to ditch my own conscience either."

"Didn't they make all that known when they were electing you?" I asked.

He laughed sarcastically.

"Read the literature of any political campaign and compare what was discussed therein with what came up later for official attention. Only general principles and a few specific problems can be comprehended or anticipated in a campaign. For instance, in all our history the voters never declared in a campaign for a single war in which we have engaged. The biggest and most important questions we have to decide arise suddenly and cannot be anticipated as far ahead as campaigns. Hence all of us are elected mostly on trust, and, believe me, the voters leave it to us—until we guess wrong and are thrown out."

HAVE you who read this, and probably disagree with the contention that is its theme, ever written an honest-to-goodness letter of advice or information to one who attends to your business of government in Washington? I'd be willing to bet that not one in 500 who see these lines has done so.

Furthermore, I would be willing to bet that if all who see these lines were to write letters to their Congressmen and Senators, giving their candid views and desires about any question to the front—be it war debts, the railroads, taxes, the farm problem—the consensus thus expressed would prevail.

It is not far from provable truth to say that such expressions can have more influence on the majority of concrete Federal Government transactions than is wielded by all the ballots solemnly cast by voters.

In truth, the honest-to-goodness letter of advice or information is a means available to all, even non-voters, for exercising the initiative and referendum in Federal legislative affairs.

To date, however, it, or largely its counterfeit, has been thus used in great extent by lobbyists only. That some are good lobbyists and have promoted good measures doesn't change the fact. The same has been and can be done by bad lobbyists promoting bad measures.

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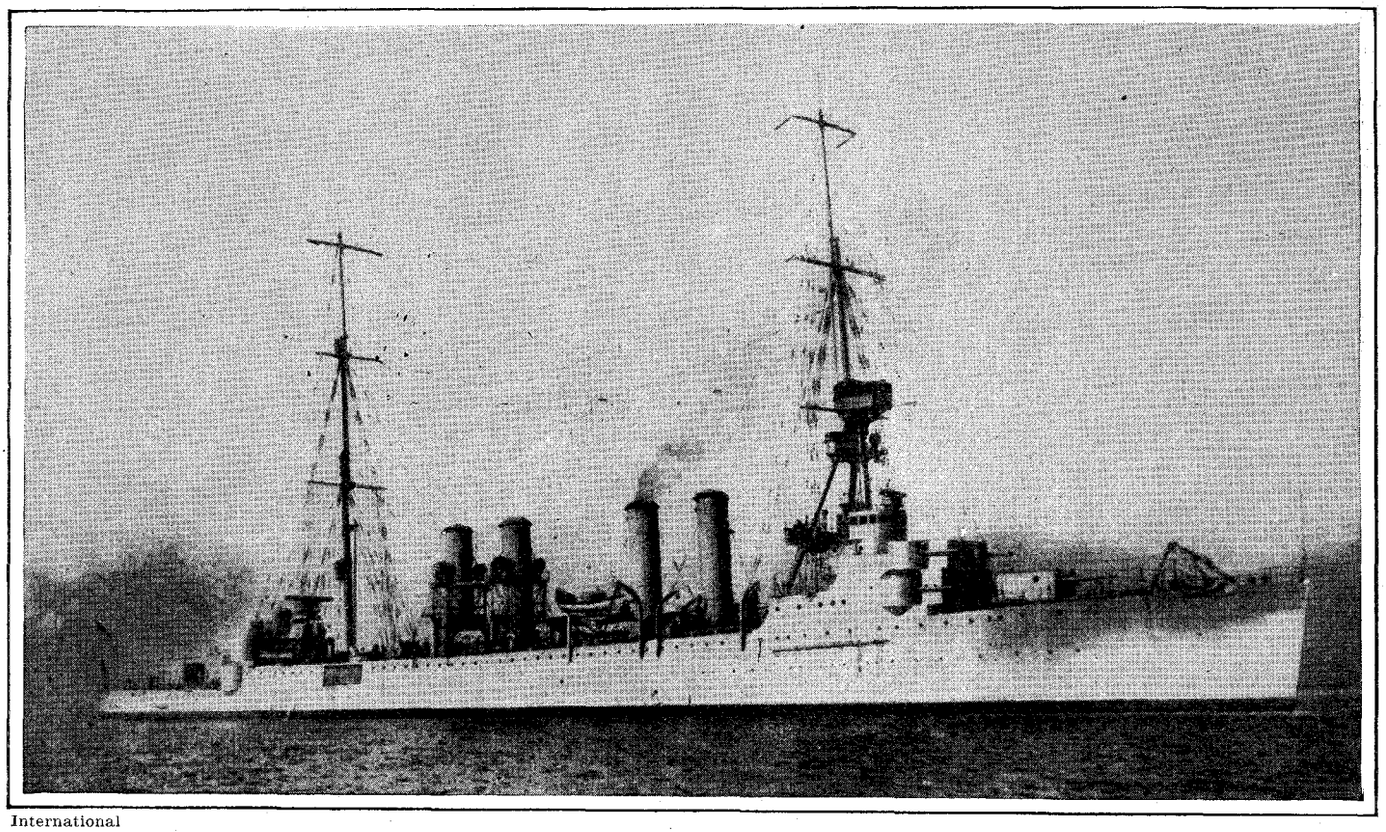

International

Here is the American pre-treaty cruiser Omaha. The treaty cruisers are to be of the same type, but approximately one-third larger

Treaty Cruisers

By AUSTIN M. KNIGHT

Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. (Retired)

IN the issue of November 10, commenting editorially upon Mr. Bywater's article on treaty cruisers in the November "Scientific American," The Outlook says: "Circumstances quite far removed from real naval needs have thus produced a type of cruiser that no naval authorities really want. 'A fighting ship,' as the author of this article says, 'that cannot survive a reasonable share of punishment is not worth her cost.' "

I am not one of those responsible for the building of these ships. But possibly this very fact places me in a better position for judging the type than if, in defending it, I were at the same time defending myself.

At all events, as a naval officer of forty-nine years' service on the active list, I venture to hope that my views on the subject will be not without interest to you.

FIRST of all, I must say that I think both Mr. Bywater and The Outlook are in error in holding that naval authorities do not really want this type of ship. Naval authorities have long held certain conceptions as to the characteristics which a cruiser should possess, and I believe they find in the so-called treaty cruiser the nearest approach to their ideal that has yet been developed.

In their list of characteristics to be desired protection, naturally, has a place; but it is not a high place, nor has the hope ever been seriously cherished that such a measure of protection would be possible as would enable a cruiser to survive even a single salvo from a battleship.

In the article by Sir George Thurston, "Essential Conditions in a Cruiser," from which Mr. Bywater quotes, occur the following paragraphs, not quoted by Mr. Bywater:

(1) Protection, either horizontally or vertically, could under no conceivable conditions render the vessel [cruiser] safe under the artillery attack of a battleship or similar cruiser, or for that matter even from the guns of a destroyer if by chance that vessel were met unexpectedly within short range. Therefore protection is the feature which one can best afford to neglect in the design. . . .

(2) Speed, coupled with heavy armament, being all essential, the vessel should have the maximum speed compatible with a reasonable number of larger caliber guns, even if the protection of the vessel and guns is reduced to a minimum.

IT is true that the 10,000-ton cruiser—like all other cruisers—is deficient in protection. It is equally true that the battleship is deficient in speed. The fact is that every naval type designed must be a compromise involving the purchase of the special features regarded as primarily important by the sacrifice of others which, although desirable, are, for the type in question, less important. The battleship purchases protection at the price of speed; the cruiser purchases speed at the price of protection.

This will all be clearer if we consider briefly the functions which the cruiser is called upon to perform. These may be roughly classified as screening, scouting, leading or supporting torpedo attacks, escorting transports and supply ships, and protecting trade routes. The first three of these functions are so intimately associated with the effective employment of the battle fleet that a cruiser force

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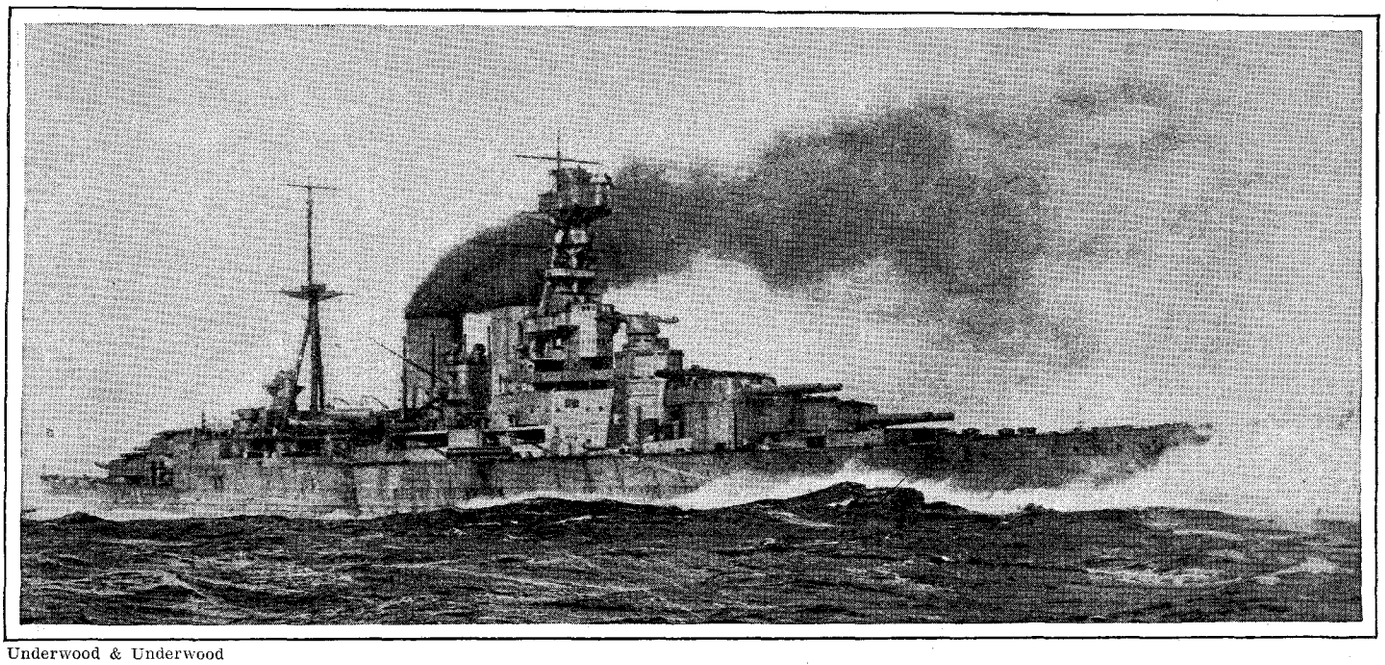

Underwood & Underwood

H. M. S. Hood—Ships of this type require fast, powerful cruisers to screen their movements and to report the position of the enemy

adequate for these functions might not unreasonably be considered as implied in the Washington Conference ratio for capital ships. Without an effective screen thrown out around a fleet of battleships by fast, well-armed, and mobile cruisers, no such fleet could keep the open sea for any length of time without the certainty of disaster. Without fast scouts, ranging far, and large enough to *maintain their speed in all conditions of weather* and for long periods of time, the enemy fleet could not be located and our own fleet led to it. Without fast and well-armed cruisers as leaders and supports, no destroyer attack could be driven home through the screen thrown out around an enemy fleet.

The other functions that have been named are hardly less important. Without fast and well-armed convoys, the overseas transport of troops and supplies would be impracticable. And without cruisers of large radius of operation, fast enough and powerful enough to meet and defeat enemy cruisers, the trade routes of a commercial nation could not be kept open.

As Mr. Bywater's criticism is directed largely against what he considers the excessive size of the new type, it is necessary to stress especially the significance of size as the decisive factor in *seaworthiness*, as well as in speed and armament.

In every one of the functions outlined above the difference between the 10,000-ton and the 7,000-ton cruiser is far greater than would be suggested to a layman by the difference in tonnage. If two such cruisers met, the larger, by virtue of its speed, could overtake the smaller, could choose its range, and, by virtue of the longer range of its heavy guns, could destroy its opponent while itself remaining immune from counter-attack. For it is to be noted that nowhere in Mr. Bywater's article is there a suggestion that the 7,000-ton cruiser which he advocates would be, or could be, provided with any protection whatever that would be worth considering; and if the larger craft is to be considered a "suicide ship," the smaller one would be even more deserving of the name.

There may, of course, be different designs worked out on a given tonnage, and it is a matter for gratification that the designs adopted for the United States Navy provide a measure of protection greater than that which is assumed in Mr. Bywater's discussion and which, although of no significance as opposed to capital ships, might be effective in a contest with vessels carrying guns of caliber up to 3 or 4 inches, or even larger in the case of indirect hits.

In so far as I am familiar with naval sentiment, it recognizes the dangers associated with service in lightly protected cruisers as inseparable from naval warfare and as not necessarily greater than in ships more adequately protected. The suicide ships at Jutland, if any, were not the unprotected cruisers, but the well-armored battle-cruisers Indefatigable, Invincible, and Queen Mary, each of them sunk almost instantaneously and carrying down with them, not 800 men, but more nearly 1,200.

The heavily armored capital ship, not the cruiser, is the natural target for the correspondingly heavy guns of other capital ships, as well as for the torpedoes of destroyers and submarines. In the case of torpedo attack, not only is the capital ship the greater prize, it is also the more alluring target, for the chances of a hit on a deep-draught battleship steaming at 20 knots would be at least three to one as compared with a light-draught cruiser making 30 knots.

It has seemed desirable to reply somewhat at length to The Outlook's editorial because the present is a rather critical moment in the development of our fleet. By the splendid gesture of abnegation with which this country opened the Washington Conference we deliberately sacrificed a commanding position in naval power and accepted the 5–5–3 ratio in capital ships, with the understanding, so far as the public was concerned, that this ratio applied, not alone to a single type of ships, but to *effective naval strength*, the fact being completely ignored that in a type secondary only to the battleships and vitally important to the efficiency of the latter we were hopelessly outclassed; the figures as to first-line cruisers being: England 49, United States 10, Japan 27.

Since that time the effort of the Navy Department in the line of new construction has centered chiefly upon a program looking, not, indeed, to an equality with England, but to a position less unfavorable than that which existed and still exists. Two cruisers of the treaty type —and only two—have been laid down, and six others are contemplated in the program now before Congress. If they are authorized and constructed and if Great Britain does not enlarge her program, we shall within a few years have eight cruisers of this type as compared with sixteen for England and four for Japan, a ratio of 4–2–1, with the United States occupying the middle position. It would be most unfortunate if at the present time public sentiment should be led by journals of the standing of The Outlook and the "Scientific American"

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to regard these ships as worse than valueless and as not desired by naval authorities. As a matter of fact, they are desired, and whole-heartedly so, by naval authorities in this country, and not only greatly desired but greatly needed. And if the very modest program now before Congress should be defeated or delayed by the creation of an unfavorable and altogether erroneous public opinion, the whole spirit of the Washington Conference's 5–5–3 ratio would be annulled and the United States Navy condemned to hopeless inferiority as compared with that of Great Britain.

The Uncertain Journey

By Edward H. Shaffer

WALTER WEST, who was a junior in college, although he often wondered why, stood uncertainly for a moment, then walked to the magazine rack and selected a magazine which he knew he would not read. He sat down in an uncomfortable chair and gazed about the room at the occupants of the library. Not a face interested him.

Libraries had a depressing effect upon West. The rows of silent books, the uncomfortable chairs, the long polished tables, the angularity that seemed to characterize even the librarians, displeased him and made him feel ill at ease. The atmosphere of the place was disturbing. An artificial silence, as of conscious concentration, seemed to weigh upon the occupants. They seemed to be holding their breath as they would have done at a funeral. The light-footed librarians hurrying about among the stacks with the complacent air of high priestesses of culture scared him. Librarians and street-car conductors had always oppressed him. He always handed a conductor his fare apologetically, as if the conductor were conferring a favor upon him by allowing him to ride without investigating the nature of his business. When he asked a librarian for a book, he always felt that he owed it to civilization, or something, to explain why he wanted to read the book.

After a period of squirming about in his chair and wondering why those responsible for the appointments of the library had so inconsistently omitted hair shirts from their plan of equipment, West rose uneasily, placed the magazine on the rack exactly as he had found it, and glanced perfunctorily at a row of reference books. He had no idea of reading any of them. A text-book in a library absolutely repelled him. In fact, any book lost its charm the moment it received the library stamp. It assumed an official primness and became the disconcerting equivalent of the harmless citizen who donned the street-car conductor's cap.

But West loved books. He felt a very personal affection for every book in his own meager library. Some of them he had never read, many of them he could not understand, but he loved them. Each one was an individual possession with a distinct personality. It was perhaps this appreciation of the personality of books which made him dislike library books. The moment a book became a member of a library it lost its distinction and degenerated into merely a part of the angular equipment. It became a part of an inventory. The fact that a book passed from reader to reader cheapened it in his subconscious estimation. To West a book was a personal possession, like a tooth-brush or a wife.

He turned from the shelf marked History C5, went to the cloak-room and selected his hat and coat from the fifteen or twenty others hanging dispiritedly from the hooks. Another thirty minutes in the library would have strangled him, he felt.

THE fresh winter day washed over him and into him with a tonic effect. He felt as relieved as a man suddenly released from prison. The stronghold of culture was not for him. Classes were changing, and the campus was crowded with students, some hurrying and some loitering. He stepped from the walk to permit an unbroken rank of four girls to pass. Coeds irritated him. They always were throwing their arms around one another in public; they seemed to think the walks made for them alone; most of them were homely, but few of them knew it, and the pretty ones were vapid. None of them that he knew had any inclination toward usefulness. They went about with the air: "Look, we are women. Are we not to be admired for this wonderful achievement of ours?"

In the classroom they seldom knew what was going on. If a discussion arose, one of them could be depended upon to discourse earnestly on some trivial tangent which had no bearing whatever on the real question. The patient professor would then steer the argument back to the issue, and the girl would sit sublimely ignorant that she had wasted fifteen minutes of twenty people's time.

An ignorant little thing who bothered him three times a week in one class passed with three other girls without speaking. She glanced at him without betraying a quiver of recognition. A momentary anger subsided into indifference. He knew that at the next meeting of the class she would ask him to lend her his notes. It was not purely snobbery, he decided, that caused her to know him in class and not on the campus. It was merely her absorbing interest in herself and in the trivialities with which she was concerned. She was not so much heartless as headless. Her mind simply was not capable of reaction to anything outside the particular atmosphere she happened to be in. Doubtless an elephant in a china shop would not have surprised her, because she would not have seen it. She would have seen only the china, the conventional furnishing for a china shop. He wondered what finally would happen to her, if life would ever make an impression. Eventually she would marry. She would have a bridge club and her husband would tell her he was smoking too much, and thus she would have something to talk about. Then, of course, there would be the reminiscences of her college days, the figures of which would be only those girls with whom she had slept and those youths whose hats had contained the proper dents. She would marry, of course, a man whose hat had always had, and always would have, the proper dents.

He passed King Hall, the gathering-place of a certain type of bored students, male and female. Clustered upon the steps were girls smartly dressed and all wearing their rouge high upon their cheeks. The amount of self-confidence in the personal appearance could be estimated by the step upon which each was stationed. In the court below the girls were Hart-Schaffner youths wearing the same cut of clothing in precisely the same jaunty fashion, casting speculative eyes at the exhibit on the top steps. West never knew what they talked about, nor did he know any of them except through surface conjectures. He always hurried through the crowd, and even preferred the library with its natural mummery to the almost bovine complacency of the fashionable group. The

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latter stirred in him disgust, not only for the group but for the university. At such times it seemed to be saturated with the spirit of insolent well-being. His resentment extended to the officials of the university, and even to the professors. It seemed to him that the university had become little but a preening place for well-fed young Robots whose vulgarity was displayed proudly, as evidence of culture. It was as if the university had thrown aside the robes of dignity, had donned bell-bottomed trousers, and crimped its hat with just the proper crimp. Education, he reflected, had become a matter of 120 hours' credit, a certain amount of suffering in the library, and the ability to wear an Ethiopian combination of colors with a clear conscience.

West despondently climbed the stairs to his room and selected a volume of Whitman which he could not understand fully but which always raised his spirits by its wind-blown vigor. As he shuffled the pages mechanically, he questioned himself: "You detest the placid college boys; but what do you know that they don't, and where are you going yourself?"

West had been reading about an hour when there appeared through the door an uncombed youth. It was Green, a sophomore who studied and slept in the room across the hall. He entered with the friendly, furtive air of a pup who knows he is trespassing, but who hopes by effusively wagging his tail to ignore the situation. He and West were the only students in the house, and the latter suffered through the gregarious nature of the former. Green had a speaking acquaintance with more campus celebrities than any one West knew. To Green any one was a hero who received mention in the daily paper. He spoke familiarly of every member of the football and basket-ball teams. He knew to what fraternity each of them belonged, and during the course of any conversation was likely, upon hearing some one's name mentioned, to break in with, "Oh, yes, I know him. He's a Delt."

Green himself was not a social success, and it seemed too bad. He appeared to have most of the qualifications. He was enthusiastically orthodox. He took chapel speakers seriously and he accepted a pin on the vest as final indication that the chest that bore it breathed only the pure air of the elect. He studied religiously and mechanically and carefully preserved all lecture notes. He attended every football rally, was jubilant at the winning of every game and downcast at defeat. He belonged to the glee club, and had never missed a rehearsal. He was a whole-hearted supporter of anything the school did or contemplated doing. He read those books his professors recommended and said they were good. In his class reviews of novels he always contented himself with sketching the plot. He was unable to run over a book of essays quite so glibly, and confined his reviews to a discussion of the life of the author. The immaturity of his mind was reflected in the callowness of his countenance. He bored West with his incessant references to campus life. He was not the type that stationed himself below King Hall. He was making his grades. He was loyal. He was a distinct asset to the college. But he was immersed in the externals, the mechanics of education. He was striving earnestly to be a good college student. If he had ever thought about the matter, he would have said that the college existed for itself. But he never thought, and he never would think. He would graduate into a job, and he would take the job seriously. He would become a successful alumnus whose interest in the welfare of the university would be revived every fall at the home-coming season.

"Hello, West, old man," he said, cheerfully, seating himself on an edge of the trunk and preparing to work gradually back to a more comfortable position during the confusion of the conversation.

"Hello," responded West, without enthusiasm.

"Watcha readin'?"

"Whitman," replied West.

"Say, is that the book that's got that hot stuff in it?" he inquired with sudden interest.

"What do you mean, hot stuff?" asked West, coldly.

"I don't know exactly. I heard some one say that Whitman wouldn't do to read to a mixed crowd."

"No," replied West, reflectively, "I suppose it wouldn't do to read him to a mixture of prudes and perverts."

"Whatcha mean by that?"

"Nothing at all," answered West, indifferently. "But there is nothing here that would interest you," he added.

"Say, West," Green remarked, "you ought to see the game to-night. It's goin' to be some game. Brown is playing forward, and that boy sure can toss 'em in."

"All right. Maybe I'll go," replied West, with the air of concluding the business for which Green had called. He picked up the volume of Whitman and began turning the pages. Green slid reluctantly from the trunk and departed.

That evening West attended the game. There seemed nothing else to do, and he enjoyed a good basket-ball game occasionally.

As he always did, he felt out of place in an assemblage of college students. He felt an immediate antagonism toward the crowd. On the faces of the youths was an arrogant sophistication born of an intimate knowledge of externals and an utter lack of comprehension of things not obvious. They were smug, content to be at ease in their own world, and endeavoring to bring into it a gesture from the outer world of which they knew nothing. The women, as usual, were posing for the benefit of whoever might be looking. They passed along the aisles self-consciously to friends in the crowd.

The team entered, and at the agitated insistence of a white-trousered cheer leader the crowd rose and emitted the college yell. West tried to get into the spirit of the thing, but was unable to keep his eyes from the dapper figure of the white-trousered, white-shirted boy below. His spotless clothing fit with a self-satisfaction that irritated West. His hair reflected sliding half-moons of light. His face wore an expression of worried vacuity. The mechanical perfection of his attire, the automatic intelligence of his movements, filled West with an almost blind rage. The cheering was perfunctory. West got considerable satisfaction out of that. His respect for the spectators rose when he discovered that they refused to enthuse at the direction of the imbecile in front. As well regulate the cheering by a system of traffic signals, he decided.

He turned to the youth next him, "Why in hell don't they get a cheer leader?"

The boy looked at him suspiciously and refused to commit himself.

"That bird," went on West, goaded out of his usual taciturnity, "couldn't lead a bunch of fish to a swimming-pool."

His neighbor appeared startled at the novel idea of fish going to a swimming-pool, but managed a feeble grin.

At the end of the half West left the building. He felt that he would commit murder if he had to gaze at the cheer leader any longer.

He wandered along a winding campus path. The spire of King Hall was outlined against the night, straight, aloof,

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alone. West loved the campus at night. It was silent and deserted. It seemed to him that at night the spirit of the university came back to hover over the buildings. There was a beautiful dignity at night that was lacking in the chattering confusion of the day. The thought that the spirit of learning returned to visit the campus at night lingered with him. The first speeding automobile of morning would drive it away, he decided. Some time he would get up early, before sunrise, to see if it were still there.

THE next evening at eleven o'clock West sat smoking on the steps of the library. The advent of young Green and a helpless tired feeling that prevented his acting with the necessary rudeness had driven him to a movie. The movie had offered a callow insult to his intelligence, and he had fled it in desperation.

A cow-eyed hero about whom centered the thoughts of three-fourths of the national feminine intellect dress-suited gracefully through several hundred feet of life and love. Illiterate caption writers had placed in the mouth of the languishing heroine sentiments that an infant parrot would have disdained to learn. A great problem of upper-class conduct was introduced, manhandled and solved to the apparent satisfaction of an audience of bakers, bankers, teachers, milliners, students, shoe clerks, and coeds. Meanwhile a temperamental organist had interpreted deftly the mood of the picture by playing the "Marseillaise" when the hero started to war, and "Carolina in the Morning" when the maid brought in a bouquet of sweet peas. Thus the sensibilities of the spectators were conducted through an elaborate course of emotions surely, and with the unerring precision of a social secretary. No one laughed when the hero sighed manifestly at the moon; no one shuddered when the jovial cook intercepted an inadvertent pie. The picture was a success, but it drove West to the campus.

FROM around the corner came the night watchman, and he paused suspiciously before West.

"What you doin' there, huh?" he asked, cautiously.

"Smoking," was the leisurely answer.

"You up to some devilment?" inquired the watchman, logically.

"Just sitting here trying to get an education," West replied, cheerfully.

"Huh!" sniffed the old man. "Seems like you'd get enough of the campus in the daytime."

"I do—too much," returned West. "Won't you sit down and tell me about the campus at night?"

The old man sat down with the appearance of reluctance and filled his pipe.

"Well, there ain't nothing to tell about the campus at night. Except that long toward mornin' it gets mighty tiresome."

"Would you rather work at night or in the daytime?" asked West. "That is, work on the campus."

"I dunno," confessed the old man. He turned to West in sudden frankness. "Looks like a man'd be a fool to want to work at night, but you know there's something about this place at night that ain't like it is in daytime. Dunno what it is. Reckon, of course, it's the quiet. It ain't so bad, though. Take this here buildin'. It don't look the same to me in daytime as it does now." The old man puffed reflectively. "Looks bigger some way."

West turned to him eagerly. "Then you like it at night."

"Yes, I reckon I do."

The two talked until twelve o'clock. West tried to explain to the old watchman what it was about the campus at night that drew him. He tried to tell him how he felt about the university, about the students, and about life. The old man listened soberly, nodding his head occasionally to indicate that he understood. When West rose to leave, the old man remarked, thoughtfully: "I reckon you happened to git born at the wrong time. You should a growed up with me, when things wasn't goin' so fast."

West bid the watchman good-night and went to his room.

WEST did not go to bed. He went into executive session with himself—he reviewed his college career. The evidence seemed to indicate that he did not belong. He determined to quit school, but when he came to the question of what he should do he was defeated. There was nothing that he wanted to do. Nothing. It was not that he wished to do nothing, but there was nothing that he wished to do. He decided that he was a youthful George Gray. He read the lines.

A boat with a furled sail at rest in a harbor.
In truth it pictures not my destination
But my life.

That was it, he admitted. But he was not at rest. More nearly, he was a boat tossing in a choppy harbor. Morosely he tabulated facts about himself. He was a university student, but not a university man. He disliked the conventionalities of middle-class existence, but loved its luxuries. He detested the use of the word "class," but scorned the hypocrisy that ignored its existence.

He felt no duty toward humanity, but shrank from a parasitical existence.

He desired knowledge, but felt that knowledge brought unhappiness. Unhappiness he considered senseless.

He hated those who were self-complacent, but did not pity those who were afraid.

He felt a contempt for those whom he knew to be his superiors, without losing his own self-respect. He felt a contempt for those he believed to be his inferiors, without diminishing his hatred of snobbery.

He jeered at the ambitious, but respected their ambitions.

The pessimist bored him, but he scorned the optimist as a creature of feeble intellect.

He appreciated the callowness of cynicism, but sneered at the innocence of sincerity.

He sorrowed for those who had no philosophy, believing that life must be hopeless without one; he was unable to formulate a philosophy for himself. He despaired of meaning in his own life, but still he felt the futility of all philosophy.

He was a pragmatist who scorned the results.

He scoffed at morality in the abstract, but loathed those who were immoral according to his conceptions. He approved the necessity of moral standards, but resented their imposition.

He was decided in his hatred of bigotry, but puzzled by the inertia of tolerance.

He was a youthful traveler on an uncertain journey trying to find a route which would take him somewhere. He was confused by a maze of roads that led him nowhere. He could see much, but could distinguish little. He could understand enough to comprehend nothing.

He climbed wearily into bed. He would quit school in the morning if he could get a job as night watchman on the campus.

Otherwise he would write the theme for English, the subject of which was already assigned. It was "The Necessity for a Goal in Life."

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The Hidden Door

By MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

Up in my attic I found a door,
Small, low, and hidden;
The sunshine fell on the attic floor;
I was awake, for I could see
The trunks and cupboards, and the tall
Raftery roof, and dust over all,
And dust drifting on me.

I was afraid to touch the door,
But my fingers stole toward it furtively.
I had felt that china knob before,
Smooth, and cool, and hard, and round;
My fingers knew it, though I could swear
I never had dreamt that a door was there
(And doors aren't pennies, lost and found).
But I was awake, for I heard outside
The sparrows making a cheerful sound.

I turned the handle to see what lay
In the hidden room. It was bright and still
And icy cold. I stepped over the sill
And I saw a woman with head bent low
Sewing. Her needle went to and fro
In stuff of delicate, gauzy gray.

"What are you making?" I asked, and she
Mumbled a thread as she answered me:
"I am making a gown so soft and fine,
So supple and smooth it will cling and hold
Without a seam and without a fold
To every curve and every line,
But a gown too thin to keep out the cold."

I watched her glittering needle fly. . . .
"And who is to wear this gown?" said I.

She drew a thread of silk from the shelf
Where I saw an ancient spider creep,
And said: "I am making it for myself,
But I only sew it in my sleep. . . .
I will only wear it when I must,
My gauzy gown of delicate dust."

"Put down your needle!" I cried, and she
Tucked it away in the spidery lace,
And I stood frozen while my own face
Slowly turned and looked at me.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

The Name for a Spade

IN the Victorian era, as we are often reminded, it was thought excessively vulgar to call a spade a spade. It was altogether more elegant and desirable to refer to it as an agricultural implement. The Rev. Mr. Weems, who wrote the life of Washington (and, in the name of virtue, invented the abominable cherry-tree story), was not a Victorian. Neither was Jared Sparks, who did his best to edit all the humanity out of the first President. Yet, in Victorian style, they left Washington, not as a man and an American, but as a marble demigod in a Roman toga—like the statue of him which used to face the Capitol.

The process of unfreezing Washington —as Owen Wister called it—has been going on for many years, with gratifying results. It will be surprising if he, like all the heroes of the past, does not fall into the hands of biographers who look with so much contempt upon calling a spade an agricultural implement that they jump in the other direction and refuse to give it any other name than a damned shovel. The great success of Lytton Strachey's ironic and masterly life of Queen Victoria has raised a swarm of Stracheys, who are greeted with cheers by certain critics and readers, and viewed with alarm by others. The cheers are perhaps a little too loud, and the alarm is almost always unnecessary. The new biography, it seems to me, is for the most part a wholesome sign and an asset to literature. First of all, it is, with occasional exceptions, an honest attempt to tell the truth as the truth appears to us to-day. Second, it arouses an interest in men of the past who would otherwise be neglected by many younger readers. Even if the elders are a little shocked by seeming examples of irreverence, it is better to have fresh lives of great men than to have them forgotten.

This does not mean that all the new biographers have outgrown freshmen tricks. They pride themselves upon their tolerance, their honesty, and their liberal attitude toward human weakness. But some of them are very intolerant toward conservatism, besides being less honest than they think themselves. They are liberal toward human weakness, but are singularly bigoted about virtue. "Ah, he was a splendid fellow," they seem to say about the subject of their biography; "he got drunk every Saturday night."

But if it turns out that he remained sober every Saturday night these liberals become cold and suspicious, and begin to mistrust his statesmanship as humbug, or deride his books as trash. It is safe to assert that fifty per cent of the enthusiasm which is expressed by professional "liberals" for Poe's poetry would subside if the discovery were made that Poe had actually been a teetotaler. The fact which has recently been unearthed that Wordsworth had an irregular love affair in his youth has made his poetry neither better nor worse, but it would be characteristic of some of the critics, upon learning this fact, enormously to increase their admiration for his work. The number of hours spent by a few writers in the last two or three years snooping around keyholes in the domestic establishment of Robert Louis Stevenson is typical, not only of extreme juvenility, but of a most painful lack of any sense of humor.

This season has produced two new books about George Washington.[1] Of these the one by Mr. Woodward is undoubtedly the more popular and readable; that by Mr. Hughes appears more sedate, careful, and scholarly in the old sense. Mr. Hughes's book deals only with Washington as a young man. It covers the first thirty years of his life, and is part of a complete biography. Professor Hart has assailed both books as inaccurate. Mr. Woodward is bluff and vigorous, but he has been bitten by some tarantula of modernism which occasionally makes him do curious things. An example of this is his criticism of a passage in the diary of the very youthful Washington describing an Indian war dance. Mr. Woodward applies to this record, written by a young colonial scout, methods of criticism which would be appropriate in a sophisticated modern writer discussing a new school of poetry. Yet a great man emerges from both of these books, and Mr. Woodward is old-fashioned enough to end with the solemn words of the burial service as the hero is carried to his tomb at Mount Vernon.

Mr. Russell's "Benjamin Franklin"[2] is further described by the author's term "the first civilized American." It is a good piece of work; very readable matter, presented with admirable clearness both by author and by printer. One is led to the faint suspicion that the word "civilized," in Mr. Russell's terminology, means not only Franklin's cosmopolitanism, his curiosity for knowledge, and his alert intelligence, but even more his fondness for all the good things of life and his friskiness, even in his old age, toward ladies. All the qualities which made Franklin a good fellow are emphasized rather than slighted, but Mr. Russell is not the first in doing this, nor is he quite so daring as he seems to think himself. He prints one of Franklin's "facetious" tracts, and I am glad that he did so. It is much better to print it than to whisper about it around corners. But he correctly estimates another of them as too Rabelaisian for modern taste, and so he omits it. This again is wise. It would also be well if the author did not make quite so many references to the prudery and Puritanism of his forerunners. He is bound by the taste of his day. Aren't we all? Were not the writers of the past? Even of the priggish Victorian past? Consequently, is it fitting for us of to-day to stick so many feathers in our own caps as we pat ourselves upon the back and boast of our own courage?

Mr. Gorman has written an honest and painstaking life of Longfellow.[3] It is a little surprising to learn that he and his publishers believed that many readers wished to read so fat a book about the poet who was probably as good and certainly as gray as Walt Whitman. Mr. Gorman's irony is delicate and good-mannered, and his pictures of life in Cambridge in the golden past are thoroughly attractive. The flavor of the freshman hangs about him in only one trait: his unnecessarily patronizing man-

[1] George Washington, the Human Being and the Hero. 1732–1762. By Rupert Hughes. William Morrow & Co., New York. $4.

George Washington, the Image and the Man. By W. E. Woodward. Boni & Liveright, New York. $4.

[2] Benjamin Franklin, the First Civilized American. By Phillips Russell. Brentano's, New York. $5.

[3] A Victorian American: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By Herbert S. Gorman. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.

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ner of referring to Longfellow as "Henry."

Mr. Seitz's "Horace Greeley"[4] is another book which deserves far more attention than it can receive here. As a book about an American figure of importance and of curious interest, it should be described in a page or two, by a more competent reviewer, and some of its amusing illustrations ought to be reproduced. But Mr. Seitz suffers from the disability of being an editor of The Outlook, and therefore debarred by rule from receiving a long review for his book in its pages. Another editor of this journal has also been writing a book, and it would not do to make him jealous. The opening chapter of "Horace Greeley," even to go no farther than that, seems to me a model for biographers. It is a vivid portrait of the man himself, his strength, weakness, and peculiarities, and leaves the reader eager for the narrative which follows.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is an example of the humorist who turns serious in his later days—or, to speak more accurately, who has always been serious. The best humorists are apt to be serious. His "My Life and Times"[5] is best, perhaps, in its chapters describing a literary career and literary figures in London thirty and forty years ago.

It is hard to discuss Mary E. Phillips's "Edgar Allan Poe"[6] as a biography. In two volumes (physically almost the heaviest books of their size I ever handled) the author has painstakingly compiled an enormous number of facts about Poe, and illustrated them with a very large collection of valuable pictures and facsimiles. She deserves great credit for her industry, and she has put all future biographers in her debt. To read the book is difficult, to say the least. One of the peculiarities of its style is the irritating use of the name Poe as an adjective, in such terms as "Poe-aides," "Poe-biographies," to describe writers, historians, and books.

The modern biographer may be described as a man who would write a destructive life of St. John, and then come out with a book to show what a really splendid fellow was Judas. A little in this manner Shane Leslie attempts the whitewashing of "George the Fourth."[7] He is not unsuccessful. He shows that Thackeray and many others treated that monarch too roughly, and he affords his reader much entertainment.

The author of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She" finished his two-volume biography[8] ten or fifteen years ago, and a dozen years before his own death. His early adventures in Africa, his almost accidental career as a successful novelist, and his travels and public life are described, often vividly, but with occasional patches of dullness surprising in a romancer. Sir Rider Haggard became something of a mystic in his later years, owing in part to a remarkable dream. It led to his adoption of a humane attitude toward animals, which cannot but command respect.

Of the remaining books in this list of biographies I would say that, without putting much faith in astrology as a science, I found "The Bowl of Heaven,"[9] by the astrologer, Evangeline Adams, thoroughly readable and marked by sincerity. "Everybody's Pepys"[10] is much boiled down and expurgated; it is for family use, and the gay Samuel is not allowed to call a spade a spade even in his usual French or Latin. The feature of the book is Mr. Ernest Shepard's illustrations, and these are delightful. Of Violet Hunt's "I Have This to Say"[11] I have this to say: Why are such books published in America? There are many references to English literary folk, but much of this breathless diary is obscure. It is called the record of the author's "flurried years," and the book is certainly flurried. Parts of it seem to center around a lawsuit or a family quarrel —I am not sure which.

In "More Miles"[12] Harry Kemp writes hundreds of pages more of his semi-fictionized autobiography. His first volume, "Tramping on Life," was for many reasons well worth writing. One was the amusing accounts of all the freak communities in America at that period. Mr. Kemp missed none of them. This volume has one of Alice's qualifications for a good book: it is full of conversations. It plunges into the middle of things at the beginning, and it ends abruptly. I see no reason why Mr.

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[4] Horace Greeley: Founder of the New York Tribune. By Don C. Seitz. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $5.

[5] My Life and Times. By Jerome K. Jerome. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

[6] Edgar Allan Poe, the Man. By Mary E. Phillips. 2 vols. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $10.

[7] George the Fourth. By Shane Leslie. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

[8] The Days of My Life. An Autobiography. By Sir H. Rider Haggard. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $7.50.

[9] The Bowl of Heaven. By Evangeline Adams. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

[10] Everybody's Pepys: The Diary of Samuel Pepys. Abridged and Edited by O. F. Morshead. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.50.

[11] I Have This to Say. By Violet Hunt. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.50.

[12] More Miles. By Harry Kemp. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

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Kemp might not write seventeen more volumes in the same manner.

Other Biographies

Mother Dear: The Empress Marie of Russia and Her Times. By V. Poliakoff. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.50.

Walter Camp: The Father of American Football. By Harford Powel, Jr. The Atlantic Monthly Press Publication. Issued by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

The Life of Captain Alonso de Contreras. Written by Himself. Translated from the Spanish by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $3.50.

Modern Biography. [An Anthology.] Edited by Marietta A. Hyde. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.12.

William Blake. By Osbert Burdett. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Soldiers and Statesmen, 1914–1918. By Sir William Robertson. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $12.

Chambers's Biographical Dictionary. Originally Compiled by David Patrick and F. Hindes Groome. New Edition Edited by William Geddie and J. Liddell Geddie. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $6.

Figures of the Past. From the Leaves of Old Journals. [First published 1883.] By Josiah Quincy. Introduction and Notes by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

E. P.

Fiction

RETURN TO BONDAGE. By Barbara Blackburn. The Dial Press, New York. $2.

Barbara Blackburn in "Return to Bondage" treats of much the same sort of situation to be found in a dozen novels of the last few years, nor do the characters she portrays depart far from types that we have encountered often enough. But she handles her material with a sincerity and clearness in presentment, together with imaginative understanding and a common and uncommon sense, which more and more impress the reader. The central figures are two young women, Joan and Laura, who both in varying degree claim and exercise the new freedom in determining their lives without guidance—and a pretty mess they make of it! Joan, scorched and disillusioned, though not in the least repentant, since she has lived according to her lights, turns at last in despair to the bondage of matrimony with a better man than her lover and the possibility of a sobered and conventional happiness, which the old-fashioned will think is more than her desert. Poor Laura, wretchedly married, but of an innate helpless loyalty of temperament, tries vainly to bring herself to escape, first by suicide, then by simple departure, the bonds she might fairly repudiate; but she cannot force herself to the final act; she too returns to bondage. Does this sound as if the book were another of those tediously gloomy studies of futility of which we have wearily read so many too many? It is not. That is just where it is different. It is good reading as well as good writing.

THE ELDER BROTHER. By Anthony Gibbs. The Dial Press, New York. $2.

Mr. Anthony Gibbs, of the gifted Gibbses, shows a young and modern ruthlessness in his treatment of Ronald Bellairs, Elder Brother of the unspeakable Hugo of his tale. It is trying to the emotions of the sensitive, though no doubt artistically commendable. Ronald is a man of old-fashioned, unselfish ideals of devotion and of sacrifice at need. Hugo has no ideals and an immense and unswerving devotion to his precious self. From whoever will give he will take, and Ronald gives to the utmost. Fate tricks the unhappy man at every turn, and at the end he is not even allowed to carry off his tragedy with dignity; having come, in a revulsion of despair and fury, to shoot the unworthy Hugo, he spares him, borrows a tenner instead, and vanishes into the fog. Though the scene is set with other figures, vividly projected, it is the development of the characters of the two brothers and the increasing tensity of the drama in which they are involved which grips the reader's interest. A novel of sophistication and brilliance; compact, clean-cut, many-faceted, glittering, and hard.

THE DARK DAWN. By Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Not a novel of distinction, this is an enthralling story, well written. The writer's knowledge of her Northwestern country, its moods and its people, is passionate in its intensity and lends a great sureness to her touch. She fumbles badly only in the last chapter, where Mons Torson is dragged in neck and heels to hasten to a conclusion the slowly moving drama. To be sure, Lucian Dorrit, the hero, does not attain the stature we would desire—and we are cruelly artistic enough to demand that he should drain his bitter and

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undeserved cup to the bottom if it would aid him in so doing. But we feel that he never will reach heights even if married to Karen. He is most interesting in that fascinating first chapter, so rich a part of which is his father, William Dorrit. After his father's death all Lucian's possibilities shrink too suddenly. Miss Ostenso commenced a great figure and then decided to reduce her scale of dimensions.

It is Hattie Meeker, the terrible, who is thrown into high relief, a tragic figure on a cold white frieze, beside whom the artistic sprite Karen is no more than a wan and creeping shadow. It is Hattie that the author has really completed. In time Miss Ostenso will write a great novel. But she must not permit long acquaintance with her locality to make facile her handling of it, and she must strive for compression. In Edith Wharton's brief story "Ethan Frome" there is a similar tragedy; but how its structure slowly, grimly, rises and rises until mortals are overpowered by the size of it! "The Dark Dawn" is a gigantic situation, but not handled in a gigantic manner; only very vital and compelling the reader to follow on at a brisk pace.

Biography

IGNATIUS LOYOLA: The Founder of the Jesuits. By Paul Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

Outwardly the life of the founder of the Society of Jesus was not eventful. But if one cares to see afresh how the intensity of one man's inner living can form the world about him both for good and ill he will find no more fascinating study than the remarkable biography Professor Paul Van Dyke has just published. We remember from no great novel a more unexpected yet logical unfolding of the ever-romantic mystery of human character than he makes Loyola's. The most Protestant of readers must admit that the latter was one of the purest souls of history; yet what a mixture of devotion, humanness, and worldliness did he leave to his order to harden sometimes in service, sometimes into horror. It needs a portrait painter with more than the impartiality of a photographer to bring out the memorableness of such a man. Ignatius has hardly found this before, but Dr. Van Dyke's goes toward a great biography. The reader who persists for two or three chapters will find himself in the power of a man able to show what a human personality can be. We recommend to all Protestants, too, that they read the life, that they may know how close home lie the materials out of which a Jesuit is made.

DEMOSTHENES. By Georges Clemenceau. Translated by Charles Miner Thompson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

One is shrewdly tempted to find in this book a veiled autobiography, and to discuss it accordingly. But the temptation should be resisted. No doubt Clemenceau was strongly influenced toward depicting the character and career of Demosthenes by certain striking resemblances between the character of the service rendered by Demosthenes to Athens and the character of the service rendered by himself to France; still more by resemblances between the virtues and defects of Athens and the Athenians and those of France and the French; and yet still more by the resemblance (in some aspects almost amounting to identity) between the ideal rôle in ancient Hellas conceived by Demosthenes for Athens and the ideal rôle in the modern civilized world conceived by Clemenceau for France. And no doubt Clemenceau recognized in such obvious parallelism a happy artistic means of driving home the most precious lessons derived from his own political experience. But, despite that this parallelism is continuously in evidence, the personality of Demosthenes stands out, clean-cut and salient; a profound, just, and poignant study.

We have here the political testament of the greatest statesman of his time. To be sure, Clemenceau is not a writer of the first order; far from it. He is handicapped, desperately so, by the imperfection of his art, in the effort to convey to us the essence of his political wisdom expressed from a political experience of unparalleled richness. Yet the greatness of the man, his profound wisdom, his passion for honor and justice, shine victoriously past the imperfections; and the result is a most precious document. We predict immortality for it. Clemenceau on Demosthenes; truly a "couplement of proud compare."

Sociology

CONCERNING IRASCIBLE STRONG AND TRIXIE-CUNNING AND THEIR SONS. By William H. Smyth. With Sketches by the Author. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $3.50.

Irascible and Trixie were our ancestors away back in eolithic times; and the traits that they and their immediate progeny developed still abide with us, though taking on a highly specialized and diversified expression. Using these forebears of ours as galvanized marionettes on a stage, the author endeavors to show us the cause of our social maladjustments and a way out to the development of a more rational society. It is a thoughtful and a learned book (even though the author sadly mixes up the theory of natural rights with the theory of social justification) and it is inspired by a noble purpose. But its manner is a thing about which opinions will differ widely. It is unconventional and jazzy, and is thus destined, while attracting the favorable attention of some, to repel others. Very likely some will declare it a work of genius; others, noting the oddities of expression, drawing, and typography and finding in the pocket of the inside back cover a mystifying colored chart warranted to explain everything, will vote it downright queer. No one concerned with social justice, however, will fail to find it interesting.

Essays and Criticism

GIFTS OF FORTUNE. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

It appears that in this book the author has made a pretty thorough clean-up of odds and ends. The result is pleasant enough, but pretty thin. Mr. Tomlinson is industriously and uncompromisingly casual and impressionistic; the trick has brought him a host of admirers, but, really, he should use it a little less relentlessly. He is, for example, on his way to an appointment, and overhears the word "Amazon." In a jiffy he is at the head-waters of the Amazon, drawing the long bow and bringing down a "whopper." A "whopper," mind you, not a "swinger." That's his lay; over and over again. Mr. Tomlinson has authentic graces of style. He is probably capable of writing a good book if he would take proper time to it and chuck his old lay.

READ AMERICA FIRST. By Robert Littell. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

The grandfather of the author of this book is that same Littell who, not so many years ago, wielded a most discriminating pair of shears in the editing of "Littell's Living Age," a magazine reprinting interesting articles from other publications for the edification of the Back Bay. Robert Littell is an editor of the "New Republic," retaining sufficient respect for the scissors of his grandfather to use them in harvesting the material for this book from his magazine editorials.

The contents range from rather heavy-footed attempts to be facetious and satiri-

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cal at the expense of the Shriners, big usiness, morticians, realtors, and other nfortunate aspects of our National life, to n absolutely first-class article on H. L. encken and his imitators, and others very early as good about Henry Ford, the ap-eal of "Abie's Irish Rose," Lincoln, and ring Lardner. Robert Littell is a singularly level-headed person with a faculty for other people's points of view. He does not happen to be particularly funny. Beside the remarkably straight thinking and writing of most of this volume some of the author's more jocular efforts fall upon the ear with a dull and sodden sound.

Plays

ANOTHER TREASURY OF PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. With Illustrations by Tony Sarg. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.

Treasury is the only word for it, as it was for the first collection of plays for children made by Mr. Moses. If, as he says, we have every reason to believe that a good children's play is the one children may take their parents to without any fear of boring them, many parents are booked for an enjoyable time this Christmas, even if they only read the plays presented here. (We wish that it had been our luck to have been taken by some intelligent British child to A. A. Milne's "Make-Believe" to see Jean Cadell, the unforgetable Miss Shoe of "At Mrs. Beam's," play Miss Pinniger.) It seems an altogether excellent thing that children should be invited to set their teeth into such plays as "The Mikado," "The Birthday of the Infanta," or even "Abraham Lincoln," all printed in full in this book, as much as to witness such old favorites as "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Racketty-Packetty House." Tony Sarg's illustrations are gay, colorful, and witty. The good taste and common sense evident in the selection of the plays is equally apparent in Mr. Moses's prefatory emarks and in his "introduction which is n appendix" for parents, teachers, and brarians only.

Science

HE NEW NATURAL HISTORY. By Professor J. Arthur Thomson. Vol. III. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.50.

The third volume of this popular and borately illustrated work. The chapters this volume are on sea animals, islands, ve animals, insects, rivers, animals in lation to man, the human body, and evotion. The pictures—in color and in halfne—are the feature of the work.

Travel and Description

AILING ACROSS EUROPE. By Negley Farson. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

Mr. and Mrs. Negley Farson went to gland and bought a 26-foot power yawl, ed her out in Holland, and then maneured her up the Rhine and Main to Bamgg, through the almost forgotten Ludwig anal to the Danube, and down the Danbe to the Black Sea.

They had adventures. No one can take uch a trip and avoid adventures, but gain there are few amateur yachtsmen who can convey the reality of them so well o a patient reader. Most travel books are nteresting to people who have been themselves to the places described. We like to look at the pictures, remembering the time we were there, and what we said to the head waiter. Perhaps it is high enough praise to say that this book should interest you if you have never been east of Second Avenue. Negley Farson talked with fishermen and barge captains in six countries, shot pheasants with Admiral Horthy, drank *slivovitz* on the *puszta* with *csizkos* and other Theatre Guild extras, was shot at by one Bulgarian regiment and dined with another. He is to be envied for the amount of fun he has had, and thanked for the portion of it he has passed to us.

BY WATERWAYS TO GOTHAM. By Lewis R. Freeman. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

Come every motor-mariner and stout fresh-water seaman,
And listen to the chronicle of Mr. Lewis Freeman,
Who launched his skiff of cedar-wood, who donned his oilskin slicker
And braved the storms of Michigan a-cruising with a kicker,
Who bobbed through awful hurricanes as buoyant as a cork
To make the inland passage from Milwaukee to New York!

Such is the essence of "By Waterways to Gotham," by that intrepid explorer of the Colorado, Columbia, Yellowstone, Irrawaddy, and other romantic and perilous rivers, Mr. Lewis R. Freeman; but undoubtedly all hardy motor-boaters will want to know the incidents of his long, varied, and at times tempestuous voyage in an eighteen-foot craft propelled by a little outboard motor. The author supplements his pleasant narrative with a full appendix giving river, lake, and canal distances, lock data, and similar details that the ardent sailor will absorb and the lazy passenger ignore, and illustrates the story of the trip with forty-eight photographs; and yet he forgets the one thing that no such book should lack—a clear and simple map of the route.—ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

A WAYFARER IN EGYPT. By Annie A. Quibell. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

One who is about to visit Egypt should by all means read this book in advance and take it with him; but it is not sufficiently detailed to serve one's turn completely as a guide-book. It is written with gusto and charm, and, though evidently out of abundant knowledge, yet without the slightest taint of pedantry. The historical is mixed with the descriptive (from first-hand observation) very attractively. If you have no intention of visiting Egypt, read the book, anyway; it will at once instruct and entertain you.

Children's Books

A BOY'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ARCTIC. By Kennett Longley Rawson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

Rawson, a boy of fourteen, was cabin-boy of the Bowdoin on the MacMillan expedition to the Arctic regions in 1925. This is his story of the trip, with pictures from photographs.

Contributors' Gallery

REAR-ADMIRAL AUSTIN MELVIN KNIGHT speaks from a long and varied experience in naval affairs. He has now retired, after forty-nine years' service as an officer on the active list. For some time he was Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic Fleet and during the Spanish-American War he saw active service, blockading the north coast of Cuba and taking part in the Porto Rican expedition. He is the author of "Modern Seamanship" and was head of the Department of Seamanship at the United States Naval Academy for several years.

WE wish we might disclose the identity of the author of "Raymond Poincaré —A Sketch," but are unable to do so.

MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT is known to some by her pseudonym of "Elijah Hay." She has published "A Woman of Thirty" and "Poems of Elijah Hay." Another book, "Ballads of the Singing Bowl," will be brought out by Scribner's in a few months.

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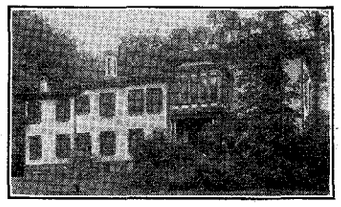

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